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RELIGIO MEDICI

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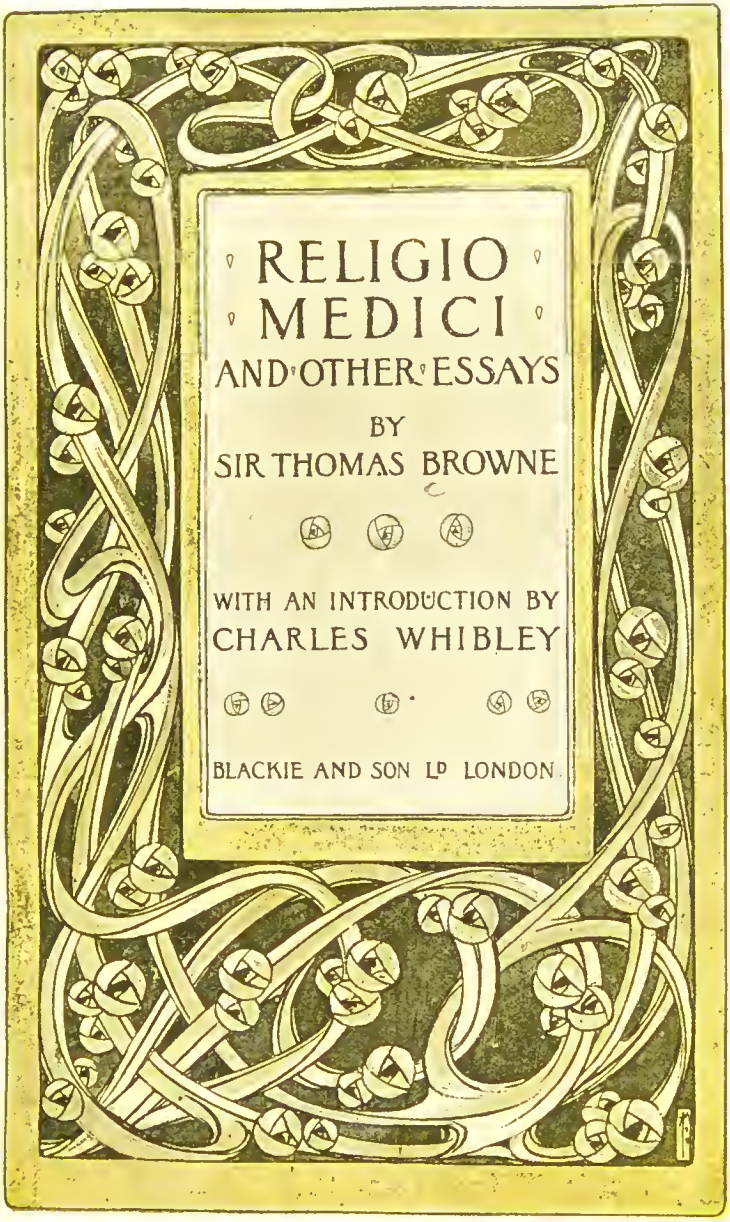
RELIGIO
MEDICI
AND OTHER ESSAYS
BY
SIR THOMAS BROWNE
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
CHARLES WHIBLEY
BLACKIE AND SON LD LONDON

Introduction

Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici* is less a theological treatise than a work of art. Those who look to its pages for guidance in religion will be disappointed. Those whose ear is attuned to the harmonies of our English speech will never weary of its exquisite poetry. Its ostensible theme, indeed, is of less interest than the style in which it is composed, or than the brilliant epigrams which give a lustre to its pages. Though the Doctor sets out to tell us of his Religion, he very soon wanders by the way, and discourses at hazard of all things that touch his curiosity, and most especially of himself. The book is various and wayward. No secure thread of thought holds the argument together. The author turns from martyrs to miracles, from blind fortune to witchcraft, without difficulty or hesitation. The tone of piety, which marks the opening pages, presently gives way to a subtle irony, or to the mere delight in fashioning quick and vivid sentences. And Sir Thomas Browne is as various

as his book. By profession a scientific observer, he is a pagan by sentiment, and a Christian by faith. He is conscious that several circumstances—"as the general scandal of my profession—the natural course of my studies,—the indifferency of my behaviour and discourse"—might persuade the world that he had no religion at all. But in the world's despite he dares, "without usurpation assume the honourable style of a Christian". And thus, narrowing his definition, he confesses that he is "of that reformed new-cast religion, wherein he dislikes nothing but the name". Nor is there any Church "whose every part so squares unto his conscience . . . as this whereof he holds his belief—the Church of England". And having once given his allegiance, he is perfect in devotion. Neither knowledge nor superstition, to both of which he was accessible, availed to disturb the constancy of his faith. He welcomed difficulties that he might prove the fidelity of his belief. A prolonged study of anatomy, the patient desire to pierce the mysteries of nature, did not shake his childlike adherence to the religion which he had chosen. "This is no vulgar part of faith," said he, "to believe a thing not only above, but contrary to reason, and against the arguments of our proper senses."

With a frank simplicity he blessed himself and was thankful that he lived not in the days of miracles. "I would not", said he, "have been one of those Israelites that passed the Red Sea; nor one of Christ's patients on whom he wrought his wonders: then had my faith been thrust upon me; nor should I enjoy that greater blessing pronounced to all that believe and saw not."

Sir Thomas Browne's simple faith was thus superior to the pride of knowledge and the arrogance of self. At the first word of authority, science and paganism made instant submission. Sir Thomas, being a truly learned man, was distinguished by a noble humility of soul. The "sturdy doubts and boisterous objections", with which his knowledge acquainted him, he conquered "not in a martial posture, but on his knees". The supreme knowledge that he knew nothing made belief easy to him, and thus he taught his "haggard and unreclaimed reason to stoop to the lure of faith". With a fine irony he tells us how an evil spirit whispered to him that the miracles of Elias and Moses were no miracles at all. "Thus", says he, "the devil played at chess with me, and, yielding a pawn, thought to gain a queen of me"; but Browne was more than a match for his wily antagonist,

and, strengthened by faith, had no difficulty in checkmating the Evil One.

But, as has been said, it is not the main purpose of Sir Thomas Browne's book which enthralls us. Our curiosity is most vividly awakened when he leads us into the devious byways of speculation. To cite his own words, he "loves to lose himself in a mystery; to pursue his reason to an *O altitudo*". And, thus lost, he is discursive and unexpected. Here, indeed, he reminds us of Montaigne, whom he had most faithfully studied, not only in manner, but in matter. Though he was free from the Frenchman's scepticism, he was engrossed with the same thoughts which held the great essayist captive in his tower. Nature and death—to these he recurs again and again. He worshipped the great mother of us all with an equal mind. In his opinion she could do nothing wrong or in vain. "There are no grotesques in nature," said he, "not anything framed to fill up empty cantons, and unnecessary spaces." And though he piously confessed the perfect beauty of all nature's works, though he held that nothing was ever ugly save the chaos, he yet admitted the supremacy of art. "Now nature is not at variance with art," says he, in a passage, which reduces the universe to a simple system, "nor art with

nature; they are both the servants of God's providence. Art is the perfection of nature. Were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world, and art another. In brief, all things are artificial; for nature is the art of God."

But, with Montaigne, he wondered most deeply at the life of man. "I find", says he, "there are many pieces in this one fabric; this frame is raised upon a mass of antipathies." Does this not recall Montaigne's famous epithets *ondoyant et divers*? And so, like Erasmus and many another, he deemed his life a miracle, "which to relate, were not a history, but a piece of poetry and would sound to common ears a fable"; and the fact that the sentiment is borrowed need not impair its sincerity. Nor, to indulge his amazement, did he need to look elsewhere than to himself. "We carry with us", he writes, "the wonders we seek without us; there is all Africa and her prodigies in us"; and he was as happy in the satisfaction afforded by an undying curiosity as was the French philosopher, who found an interest in life which neither ceased nor waned.

Nor did the love of life persuade him to hate death. In truth he faced the inevitable

end as bravely and simply as Montaigne himself, but for another reason. Montaigne, sceptic as he was, had in him something of an ancient Stoic. He looked for the coming of death with equanimity because he had schooled his mind to expect it. He was always booted and spurred to take his last journey. Sir Thomas Browne, on the other hand, looked to death as to a release. He knew the joy of life; he had "shaken hands", to cite his own words, "with delight in his warm blood and canicular days"; and yet his faith persuaded him to regard death as the only solace of life. "When I take a full view and circle of myself," he wrote, "without this reasonable moderator, and equal piece of justice, death, I do conceive myself the miserablest person extant." And so he lived content in the conviction that we are in the power of no calamity while death is in our own.

The pagan that was within him inclined him naturally to superstition. He could not join the others of his own Church in contemning symbols, pilgrimages, and processions. He put his faith in tutelary angels, and turned away his mind from the easy criticism of reason. It has been accounted to his discredit that he believed, and "did now know that there are witches". He even declared that

those who doubted their existence were not merely infidels but atheists. It is easy for an age of enlightenment to ridicule this pious belief. But if Browne erred, he erred in good company, and not without evidence. Though we deplore the cruelties practised on the miserable women suspected of witchcraft, the fact that we now know them to have been powerless does not prove that their intention was not evil.* In any case, a man who sins with Sir Matthew Hale and Hobbes may be acquitted, even at the bar of modern omniscience, and Sir Thomas Browne's memory bears no other weight of guilt than that, being orthodox in his own day, he appears heretical in ours.

And having set forth the tenour of his belief, which, if it square not with maturer judgments he is ready to disclaim, he turns, like his

* The view, held by Browne and his contemporaries concerning witchcraft, is at once explained and justified by Selden. "The Law against Witches does not prove there be any," says this wise man; "but it punishes the Malice of those People, that use such means to take away Men's Lives. If one should profess that by turning his Hat thrice, and crying Buz, he could take away a Man's Life, though in truth he could do no such thing, yet this were a just Law made by the State, that whosoever should turn his Hat thrice, and cry Buz, with an intention to take away a Man's Life, shall be put to death."

master Montaigne, to a description of himself. Though when he wrote the *Religio Medici* he was not yet thirty years of age, he wrote as though he had long passed the boundaries of middle age. There is a maturity in his opinion, an easy mastery of language, which do not consort with youth. He writes as one who is as far removed from careless ardour as from vain experiment. There is little that lies without his knowledge save himself, which he was wise enough to accept as a mystery. But his interest in his own character was so great, despite its imperfections, that he was compelled to attempt a moral portrait. He claimed before all things the virtue of charity. He boasted that he had "no antipathy, or rather idiosyncracy, in diet, humour, air, anything". His appetite was as accommodating as his character, and he could eat frogs, snails, toadstools among the French, or locusts and grasshoppers among the Jews with equal pleasure. He cared not whether his salad was gathered in a churchyard or in a garden. Being born in the eighth climate he was "constellated unto all", and he knew no national repugnances. He thought it as great a madness to wound a country by insulting all its citizens as to rail without reason against the times. "I am in England everywhere, and under any

meridian", or, in other words, he changed his mind, and carried a fresh sympathy with him, when he crossed the sea. Conscious though he was of his superiority, he was a democrat in the good sense. While he acknowledged that there was "a rabble even among the gentry", he applauded that nobility without heraldry, that natural dignity, "whereby one man is ranked with another, another filed before him according to the quality of his desert, and pre-eminence of his good parts". The charity which he would extend to all nations and to all classes he felt also in the things of the intellect. Knowing himself more deeply learned than others, he would be generous in imparting what he knew. "I make not my head a grave," said he, "but a treasury of knowledge." And he was of so rare a quality that, being a scholar, he yet disliked controversy. It pleased him rather to set forth and to illustrate his own opinions than to attack the opinions of others. He found no joy in fighting for fighting's sake. And he was content if he could discover his own image of the truth without conflict or loss of temper. "I had rather stand in the shock of a basilisk", said he, "than in the fury of a merciless pen." And his dislike of controversy is not strange when we remember the kindred dislike which

he cherished of positive judgments. He would not censure or contemn anyone, because he believed that no man truly knew another. For himself, he was in the dark to all the world, and visible only through a cloud to his most intimate friends. Why then should he condemn others, or himself endure another's censure?

Being charitable and uncertain, he was perforce humble. But the expression of his humility has not always the true ring. It smacks of theological convention. "I repute myself", says he, "the most abject piece of mortality"; and this familiar phrase ill accords with his conscious and declared knowledge. Nor can we believe him without question when he boasts that he has no pride. He declares that not even his mastery of tongues, not even his familiarity with foreign countries, not even his profound knowledge of science availed to give him a good conceit of himself; but in professing this humility, he seems to vaunt his accomplishments too highly, and he would have persuaded us more easily had his design been less obvious.

It was friendship which most easily aroused his emotion, and of friendship he writes in the same strain as Montaigne discoursing of La Boëtie. "I love my friend", said he, "before

myself, and yet methinks, I do not love him enough. . . . When I am from him, I am dead till I be with him." And as he was serious in friendship, so he was easy in acquaintance. His conversation was, like the sun's, with all men; and he looked upon all, both good and bad, with an amiable eye. But his general sympathy did not make him a boon companion. He regarded the world not as an inn, but as a hospital, and his common demeanour was like gravity itself. "I am no way facetious," says he, "nor disposed for the mirth and galliardise of company." And so with a sombre and kindly aspect he looked out upon the world, resolved already, though thirty summers had not passed over his head, that there was no happiness under the sun, and yet gaining an added happiness with every increase of knowledge.

And truly he had within him all the seeds of contentment. A charitable temper, a tireless curiosity to discover the secrets of nature, a natural love of whatever was harmonious—these are sufficient to confer happiness upon the most miserable of men, and they were all within the compass of Sir Thomas Browne. "I am naturally amorous", says he with perfect truth, "of all that is beautiful", and it was beautiful language which most easily affected

him. His *Religio Medici* has survived almost alone among the treatises of the seventeenth century, because it is set to perfect music. For Sir Thomas Browne was a musician, who played upon the instrument of speech with the skill of a conscious artist. And his daring was equal to his skill. He had no fear of new forms or fresh words. By using Latin derivatives he doubled the resources of our tongue, and cunningly heightened its contrasts. Thus he could always oppose a homely image to one more pompous, and, by the interchange of Latin and Saxon, he could obtain effects unknown before. Thus no literary or rhetorical artifice was beyond his reach. And much as we admire his quiet irony, his gift of epigram, and his ingenious intelligence, it is the genius of the poet, a noble use of words, a vivid sense of metaphor, an exquisite harmony of phrase and cadence which have given his book a gracious immortality.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

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Religio Medici

A Letter

From Sir Thomas Browne to Sir Kenelm Digby

Honoured Sir,

Give your servant, who hath ever honoured you, leave to take notice of a book at present in the press, entitled (as I am informed) *Animadversions upon a Treatise, lately printed, under the name of "Religio Medici"*. Hereof, I am advertised, you have descended to be the author. Worthy sir, permit your servant to affirm there is contained therein nothing that can deserve the reason of your contradictions, much less the candour of your *Animadversions*. And to certify the truth thereof, that book (whereof I do acknowledge myself the author) was penned many years past, and (what cannot escape your apprehension) with no intention for the press, or the least desire to oblige the faith of any man to its assertions. But what hath more especially emboldened my pen unto you at present is, that the same piece, contrived in my private study, and as an exercise unto myself, rather than an exercitation

for any other, having passed from my hand under a broken and imperfect copy, by frequent transcription it still run forward into corruption, and after the addition of some things, omission of others, and transposition of many, without my assent or privacy, the liberty of these times committed it unto the press; whence it issued so disguised, the author, without distinction, could not acknowledge it. Having thus miscarried, within a few weeks I shall, God willing, deliver unto the press the true and intended original (whereof, in the mean time your worthy self may command a view); otherwise, whenever that copy shall be extant, it will most clearly appear how far the text hath been mistaken, and all observations, glosses, and exercitations thereon, will in a great part impugn the printer or transcriber, rather than the author. If, after that, you shall esteem it worth your vacant hours to discourse thereon, you shall but take that liberty which I assume myself, that is, freely to abound in your sense as I have done in my own. However you shall determine, you shall sufficiently honour me in the vouchsafe of your refute, and I oblige the whole world in the occasion of your pen.

Your servant,

T. B.

Norwich, March 3, 1642.

Reply

By Sir Kenelm Digby

Worthy Sir,

Speedily upon the receipt of your letter of the third current, I sent to find out the printer that Mr. Crook (who delivered me yours) told me was printing something under my name, concerning your treatise of *Religio Medici*, and to forbid him any further proceeding therein; but my servant could not meet with him; whereupon I have left with Mr. Crook a note to that purpose, entreating him to deliver it to the printer. I verily believe there is some mistake in the information given you, and that what is printing must be from some other pen than mine; for such reflections as I made upon your learned and ingenious discourse are so far from meriting the press, as they can tempt nobody to a serious reading of them. They were notes hastily set down, as I suddenly ran over your excellent piece, which is of so weighty subject, and so strongly penned, as requireth much time, and sharp attention but to comprehend it; whereas, what I wrote was the employment but of one sitting;

and there were not twenty-four hours between my receiving my Lord of Dorset's letter that occasioned what I said, and the finishing my answer to him; and yet part of that time was taken up in procuring your book, which he desired me to read and give him an account of, for till then I was so unhappy as never to have heard of that worthy discourse. If that letter ever come to your view you will see the high value I set upon your great parts: and if it should be thought I have been something too bold in differing from your sense, I hope I shall easily obtain pardon, when it shall be considered that his lordship assigned it me as an exercitation, to oppose in it, for entertainment, such passages as I might judge capable thereof; wherein what liberty I took is to be attributed to the security of a private letter, and to my not knowing (nor my lord's) the person whom it concerned.

But, sir, now that I am so happy as to have that knowledge, I dare assure you that nothing shall ever issue from me but savouring of all honour, esteem, and reverence both to yourself, and that worthy production of yours. If I had the vanity to give myself reputation by entering the lists in public with so eminent and learned a man as you are, yet I know right well I am no ways able to do it; it would be a very unequal progress. I pretend not to learning; those slender notions I have are but disjointed pieces I have by chance gleaned up here and there. To encounter such a sinewy opposite, or make animadversions upon so

smart a piece as yours is, requireth such a solid stock and exercise in school-learning. My superficial besprinkling will serve only for a private letter, or a familiar discourse with lady-auditors. With longing I expect the coming abroad of the true copy of that book, whose false and stolen one hath already given me so much delight. And so, assuring you I shall deem it a great good fortune to deserve your favour and friendship, I kiss your hand, and rest,

Your most humble servant,

KENELM DIGBY.

WINCHESTER HOUSE, March 20, 1642.

Author's Preface

To the Reader

Certainly that man were greedy of life, who should desire to live when all the world were at an end; and he must needs be very impatient, who would repine at death in the society of all things that suffer under it. Had not almost every man suffered by the press, or were not the tyranny thereof become universal, I had not wanted reason for complaint: but in times wherein I have lived to behold the highest perversion of that excellent invention, the name of his majesty defamed, the honour of parliament depraved, the writings of both depravedly, anticipatively, counterfeitly imprinted; complaints may seem ridiculous in private persons; and men of my condition may be as incapable of affronts, as hopeless of their reparations. And truly had not the duty I owe unto the importunity of friends, and the allegiance I must ever acknowledge unto truth, prevailed with me, the inactivity of my disposition might have made these sufferings continual, and time, that brings other

things to light, should have satisfied me in the remedy of its oblivion. But because things evidently false are not only printed, but many things of truth most falsely set forth, in this latter I could not but think myself engaged. For though we have no power to redress the former, yet in the other, reparation being within ourselves, I have at present represented unto the world a full and intended copy of that piece, which was most imperfectly and surreptitiously published before.

This I confess, about seven years past, with some others of affinity thereto, for my private exercise and satisfaction I had at leisurable hours composed; which being communicated unto one, it became common unto many, and was by transcription successively corrupted, until it arrived in a most depraved copy at the press. He that shall peruse that work, and shall take notice of sundry particulars and personal expressions therein, will easily discern the intention was not public: and being a private exercise directed to myself, what is delivered therein was rather a memorial unto me, than an example or rule unto any other: and therefore if there be any singularity therein correspondent unto the private conceptions of any man, it doth not advantage them: or if dissentaneous thereunto, it no way overthrows them. It was penned in such a place, and with such disadvantage, that (I protest) from the first setting of pen unto paper, I had not the assistance of any good book, whereby to promote my invention, or relieve my memory,

and therefore there might be many real lapses therein, which others might take notice of, and more than I suspected myself. It was set down many years past, and was the sense of my conception at that time, not an immutable law unto my advancing judgment at all times; and therefore there might be many things therein plausible unto my passed apprehension, which are not agreeable unto my present self. There are many things delivered rhetorically, many expressions therein merely tropical, and as they best illustrate my intention, and therefore also there are many things to be taken in a soft and flexible sense, and not to be called unto the rigid test of reason. Lastly, all that is contained therein is in submission unto maturer discernments; and as I have declared, shall no further father them than the best and learned judgments shall authorize them; under favour of which considerations I have made its secrecy public, and committed the truth there - to every ingenuous reader.

THOMAS BROWNE.

Religio Medici

PART I

For my religion, though there be several circumstances that might persuade the world I have none at all, as the general scandal of my profession, the natural course of my studies, the indifferency of my behaviour and discourse in matters of religion,—neither violently defending one, nor with that common ardour and contention opposing another,—yet in despite hereof, I dare, without usurpation, assume the honourable style of a Christian. Not that I merely owe this title to the font, my education, or clime wherein I was born, as being bred up either to confirm those principles my parents instilled into my understanding, or by a general consent proceed in the religion of my country: but having in my riper years and confirmed judgment, seen and examined all, I find myself obliged, by the principles of grace, and the law of mine own reason, to embrace no other name but this: neither doth herein my zeal so far make me forget the general charity I owe unto humanity, as rather to hate than pity Turks and infidels, and (what is worse) Jews;

rather contenting myself to enjoy that happy style, than maligning those who refuse so glorious a title.

But because the name of a Christian is become too general to express our faith, there being a geography of religion as well as lands, and every clime distinguished not only by their laws and limits, but circumscribed by their doctrines and rules of faith; to be particular, I am of that reformed new-cast religion, wherein I dislike nothing but the name; of the same belief our Saviour taught, the apostles disseminated, the fathers authorized, and martyrs confirmed; but by the sinister ends of princes, the ambition and avarice of prelates, and the fatal corruption of times, so decayed, impaired, and fallen from its native beauty, that it required the careful and charitable hands of these times to restore it to its primitive integrity. Now the accidental occasion whereupon, the slender means whereby, the low and abject condition of the person by whom so good a work was set on foot, which in our adversaries beget contempt and scorn, fills me with wonder, and is the very same objection the insolent pagans first cast at Christ and his disciples.

Yet have I not so shaken hands with those desperate resolutions, who had rather venture at large their decayed bottom, than bring her in to be new trimmed in the dock; who had rather promiscuously retain all than abridge any, and obstinately be what they are than what they have been, as to stand in diameter and sword's point with them: we have re-

formed from them, not against them; for omitting those improperations, and terms of scurrility betwixt us, which only difference our affections, and not our cause, there is between us one common name and appellation, one faith and necessary body of principles common to us both; and therefore I am not scrupulous to converse and live with them, to enter their churches in defect of ours, and either pray with them, or for them. I could never perceive any rational consequence from those many texts which prohibit the children of Israel to pollute themselves with the temples of the heathens; we being all Christians, and not divided by such detested impieties as might profane our prayers, or the place wherein we make them; or that a resolved conscience may not adore her Creator anywhere, especially in places devoted to his service; where if their devotions offend him, mine may please him; if theirs profane it, mine may hallow it. Holy-water and crucifix (dangerous to the common people) deceive not my judgment, nor abuse my devotion at all.

I am, I confess, naturally inclined to that which misguided zeal terms superstition: my common conversation I do acknowledge austere, my behaviour full of rigour, sometimes not without morosity; yet at my devotion I love to use the civility of my knee, my hat, and hand, with all those outward and sensible motions which may express or promote my invisible devotion. I should violate my own arm rather than a church, nor willingly deface

the name of saint or martyr. At the sight of a cross or crucifix I can dispense with my hat, but scarce with the thought or memory of my Saviour: I cannot laugh at, but rather pity the fruitless journeys of pilgrims, or contemn the miserable condition of friars; for though misplaced in circumstances, there is something in it of devotion. I could never hear the Ave Maria bell without an elevation, or think it a sufficient warrant, because they erred in one circumstance, for me to err in all, that is, in silence and dumb contempt; whilst therefore they direct their devotions to her, I offer mine to God, and rectify the errors of their prayers, by rightly ordering mine own. At a solemn procession I have wept abundantly, while my consorts, blind with opposition and prejudice, have fallen into an excess of scorn and laughter. There are, questionless, both in Greek, Roman, and African churches, solemnities and ceremonies, whereof the wiser zeals do make a Christian use, and stand condemned by us, not as evil in themselves, but as allurements and baits of superstition to those vulgar heads that look asquint on the face of truth, and those unstable judgments that cannot resist in the narrow point and centre of virtue without a reel or stagger to the circumference.

As there were many reformers, so likewise many reformations; every country proceeding in a particular way and method, according as their national interest, together with their constitution and clime inclined them; some angrily, and with extremity; others calmly,

and with mediocrity, not rending, but easily dividing the community, and leaving an honest possibility of a reconciliation; which, though peaceable spirits do desire, and may conceive that revolution of time and the mercies of God may effect, yet that judgment that shall consider the present antipathies between the two extremes, their contrarieties in condition, affection, and opinion, may with the same hopes expect an union in the poles of heaven.

But to difference myself nearer, and draw into a lesser circle: there is no church, whose every part so squares unto my conscience; whose articles, constitutions, and customs seem so consonant unto reason, and as it were framed to my particular devotion, as this whereof I hold my belief, the Church of England, to whose faith I am a sworn subject; and therefore in a double obligation subscribe unto her articles, and endeavour to observe her constitutions; whatsoever is beyond, as points indifferent, I observe according to the rules of my private reason, or the humour and fashion of my devotion; neither believing this, because Luther affirmed it, nor disapproving that, because Calvin hath disavouched it. I condemn not all things in the council of Trent, nor approve all in the synod of Dort. In brief, where the Scripture is silent, the church is my text; where that speaks, it is but my comment: where there is a joint silence of both, I borrow not the rules of my religion from Rome or Geneva, but the dictates of my own reason. It is an unjust scandal of our adversaries, and

a gross error in ourselves, to compute the nativity of our religion from Henry the Eighth, who though he rejected the pope, refused not the faith of Rome, and effected no more than what his own predecessors desired and essayed in ages past, and was conceived the state of Venice would have attempted in our days. It is as uncharitable a point in us to fall upon those popular scurrilities and opprobrious scoffs of the bishop of Rome, to whom, as temporal prince, we owe the duty of good language. I confess there is a cause of passion between us; by his sentence I stand excommunicated; heretic is the best language he affords me; yet can no ear witness, I ever returned him the name of antichrist, man of sin, or whore of Babylon. It is the method of charity to suffer without reaction; those usual satires and invectives of the pulpit may perchance produce a good effect on the vulgar, whose ears are opener to rhetoric than logic; yet do they in no wise confirm the faith of wiser believers, who know that a good cause needs not to be pardoned by passion, but can sustain itself upon a temperate dispute.

I could never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that, from which within a few days I should dissent myself. I have no genius to disputes in religion, and have often thought it wisdom to decline them, especially upon a disadvantage, or when the cause of truth might suffer in the weakness of my patronage. Where we

desire to be informed, it is good to contest with men above ourselves; but to confirm and establish our opinions, it is best to argue with judgments below our own, that the frequent spoils and victories over their reasons, may settle in ourselves an esteem and confirmed opinion of our own. Every man is not a proper champion for truth, nor fit to take up the gauntlet in the cause of verity. Many from the ignorance of these maxims, and an inconsiderate zeal unto truth, have too rashly charged the troops of error, and remain as trophies unto the enemies of truth. A man may be in as just possession of truth as of a city, and yet be forced to surrender; it is therefore far better to enjoy her with peace, than to hazard her on a battle: if therefore there rise any doubts in my way, I do forget them, or at least defer them till my better settled judgment and more manly reason be able to resolve them, for I perceive every man's own reason is his best Œdipus, and will, upon a reasonable truce, find a way to loose those bonds wherewith the subtleties of error have enchained our more flexible and tender judgments. In philosophy, where truth seems double-faced, there is no man more paradoxical than myself; but in divinity I love to keep the road; and though not in an implicit, yet a humble faith, follow the great wheel of the church, by which I move, not reserving any proper poles or motion from the epicycle of my own brain; by this means I have no gap for heresy, schisms, or errors, of which at

present I hope I shall not injure truth to say, I have no taint or tincture. I must confess my greener studies have been polluted with two or three, not any begotten in the latter centuries, but old and obsolete, such as could never have been revived, but by such extravagant and irregular heads as mine; for indeed heresies perish not with their authors, but like the river Arethusa, though they lose their currents in one place, they rise up again in another. One general council is not able to extirpate one single heresy: it may be cancelled for the present, but revolution of time, and the like aspects from heaven will restore it, when it will flourish till it be condemned again. For as though there were metempsychosis, and the soul of one man passed into another; opinions do find, after certain revolutions, men and minds like those that first begat them. To see ourselves again, we need not look for Plato's year: every man is not only himself; there have been many Diogeneses, and as many Timons, though but few of that name; men are lived over again, the world is now as it was in ages past; there was none then, but there hath been some one since that parallels him, and as it were his revived self.

Now the first of mine was that of the Arabians, that the souls of men perished with their bodies, but should yet be raised again at the last day: not that I did absolutely conceive a mortality of the soul; but if that were, which faith, not philosophy, hath yet thoroughly disproved, and that both entered the grave to-

gether, yet I held the same conceit thereof that we all do for the body, that it rise again. Surely it is but the merits of our unworthy natures, if we sleep in darkness until the last alarm. A serious reflex upon my own unworthiness did make me backward from challenging this prerogative of my soul; so that I might enjoy my Saviour at the last, I could with patience be nothing almost unto eternity. The second was that of Origen, that God would not persist in his vengeance for ever, but after a definite time of his wrath, would release the damned souls from torture: which error I fell into upon a serious contemplation of the great attribute of God—his mercy; and did a little cherish it in myself, because I found therein no malice, and a ready weight to sway me from the other extreme of despair, whereunto melancholy and contemplative natures are too easily disposed. A third there is which I did never positively maintain or practise, but have often wished it had been consonant to truth, and not offensive to my religion, and that is the prayer for the dead; whereunto I was inclined from some charitable inducements, whereby I could scarce contain my prayers for a friend at the ringing of a bell, or behold his corpse without an orison for his soul: it was a good way methought to be remembered by posterity, and far more noble than a history. These opinions I never maintained with pertinacity, or endeavoured to inveigle any man's belief unto mine, nor so much as ever revealed or disputed them with

my dearest friends; by which means I neither propagated them in others, nor confirmed them in myself; but suffering them to flame upon their own substance, without addition of new fuel, they went out insensibly of themselves: therefore these opinions, though condemned by lawful councils, were not heresies in me, but bare errors, and single lapses of my understanding, without a joint depravity of my will: those have not only depraved understandings, but diseased affections, which cannot enjoy a singularity without a heresy, or be the author of an opinion without they be of a sect also. This was the villany of the first schism of Lucifer, who was not content to err alone, but drew into his faction many legions, and upon this experience he tempted only Eve, as well understanding the communicable nature of sin, and that to deceive but one, was tacitly and upon consequence to delude them both.

That heresies should arise, we have the prophecy of Christ; but that old ones should be abolished, we hold no prediction. That there must be heresies, is true, not only in our church, but also in any other: even in the doctrines heretical, there will be super-heresies; and Arians not only divided from their church, but also among themselves: for heads that are disposed unto schism and complexionably propense to innovation, are naturally indisposed for a community; nor will be ever confined unto the order or economy of one body; and therefore when they separate from others, they knit but loosely among themselves; nor con-

tented with a general breach or dichotomy with their church, do subdivide and mince themselves almost into atoms. It is true, that men of singular parts and humours have not been free from singular opinions and conceits in all ages; retaining something not only beside the opinion of their own church or any other, but also any particular author; which, notwithstanding a sober judgment may do without offence or heresy; for there are yet, after all the decrees of councils, and the niceties of schools, many things untouched, unimagined, wherein the liberty of an honest reason may play and expatiate with security, and far without the circle of a heresy.

As for those wingy mysteries in divinity, and airy subtleties in religion, which have unhinged the brains of better heads, they never stretched the *pia mater* of mine. Methinks there be not impossibilities enough in religion for an active faith; the deepest mysteries ours contains, have not only been illustrated, but maintained by syllogism, and the rule of reason. I love to lose myself in a mystery, to pursue my reason to an *O altitudo!* It is my solitary recreation to pose my apprehension with those involved enigmas and riddles of the Trinity, with incarnation and resurrection. I can answer all the objections of Satan and my rebellious reason, with that odd resolution I learned of Tertullian, *Certum est quia impossibile est.* I desire to exercise my faith in the difficultest point; for to credit ordinary and visible objects, is not faith, but persuasion. Some

believe the better for seeing Christ's sepulchre; and when they have seen the Red Sea, doubt not of the miracle. Now, contrarily, I bless myself, and am thankful that I lived not in the days of miracles; that I never saw Christ nor his disciples. I would not have been one of those Israelites that passed the Red Sea, nor one of Christ's patients on whom he wrought his wonders: then had my faith been thrust upon me; nor should I enjoy that greater blessing pronounced to all that believe and saw not. It is an easy and necessary belief, to credit what our eye and sense hath examined: I believe he was dead and buried, and rose again; and desire to see him in his glory, rather than to contemplate him in his cenotaph or sepulchre. Nor is this much to believe; as we have reason, we owe this faith unto history: they only had the advantage of a bold and noble faith, who lived before his coming, who upon obscure prophecies, and mystical types could raise a belief, and expect apparent impossibilities.

It is true, there is an edge in all firm belief, and with an easy metaphor we may say, the sword of faith; but in these obscurities I rather use it in the adjunct the apostle gives it, a buckler; under which I conceive a wary combatant may lie invulnerable. Since I was of understanding to know we knew nothing, my reason hath been more pliable to the will of faith: I am now content to understand a mystery without a rigid definition, in an easy and Platonic description. That allegorical descrip-

tion of Hermes, pleaseth me beyond all the metaphysical definitions of divines: where I cannot satisfy my reason, I love to humour my fancy. I had as lieve you tell me that *anima est angelus hominis, est Corpus Dei*, as ἐντελέχεια; *Lux est umbra Dei*, as *actus perspicui*; where there is an obscurity too deep for our reason, it is good to sit down with a description, periphrasis, or adumbration; for by acquainting our reason how unable it is to display the visible and obvious effects of nature, it becomes more humble and submissive unto the subtleties of faith; and thus I teach my haggard and unreclaimed reason to stoop unto the lure of faith. I believe there was already a tree whose fruit our unhappy parents tasted, though in the same chapter where God forbids it, it is positively said, the plants of the fields were not yet grown: for God had not caused it to rain upon the earth. I believe that the serpent, (if we shall literally understand it,) from his proper form and figure, made his motion on his belly before the curse. I find the trial of the pucelage and virginity of women, which God ordained the Jews, is very fallible. Experience and history inform me, that not only many particular women, but likewise whole nations have escaped the curse of childbirth, which God seems to pronounce upon the whole sex; yet do I believe that all this is true, which indeed my reason would persuade me to be false; and this I think is no vulgar part of faith, to believe a thing not only above, but contrary to reason, and against the arguments of our proper senses.

In my solitary and retired imagination, (*Neque enim cum porticus, aut me lectulus accepit, desum mihi,*) I remember I am not alone, and therefore forget not to contemplate Him and his attributes who is ever with me, especially those two mighty ones, his wisdom and eternity; with the one I recreate, with the other I confound my understanding: for who can speak of eternity without a solecism, or think thereof without an ecstasy? Time we may comprehend: it is but five days older than ourselves, and hath the same horoscope with the world; but to retire so far back as to apprehend a beginning, to give such an infinite start forwards as to conceive an end in an essence that we affirm hath neither the one nor the other, it puts my reason to St. Paul's sanctuary: my philosophy dares not say the angels can do it; God hath not made a creature that can comprehend him; it is a privilege of his own nature. "I am that I am", was his own definition unto Moses; and it was a short one, to confound mortality, that durst question God, or ask him what he was; indeed he only is; all others have been and shall be. But in eternity there is no distinction of tenses; and therefore that terrible term, predestination, which hath troubled so many weak heads to conceive, and the wisest to explain, is in respect to God no prescious determination of our estates to come, but a definitive blast of his will already fulfilled, and at the instant that he first decreed it; for to his eternity which is indivisible, and altogether, the last trump is already sounded, the reprobates in the flame,

and the blessed in Abraham's bosom. St. Peter speaks modestly, when he saith, a thousand years to God are but as one day: for to speak like a philosopher, those continued instances of time which flow into a thousand years, make not to him one moment; what to us is to come, to his eternity is present, his whole duration being but one permanent point, without succession, parts, flux, or division.

There is no attribute that adds more difficulty to the mystery of the Trinity, where, though in a relative way of father and son, we must deny a priority. I wonder how Aristotle could conceive the world eternal, or how he could make good two eternities. His similitude of a triangle, comprehended in a square, doth somewhat illustrate the trinity of our souls, and that the triple unity of God; for there is in us not three, but a trinity of souls, because there is in us, if not three distinct souls, yet differing faculties, that can, and do subsist apart in different subjects, and yet in us are thus united as to make but one soul and substance. If one soul were so perfect as to inform three distinct bodies, that were a petty trinity: conceive the distinct number of three, not divided nor separated by the intellect, but actually comprehended in its unity, and that is a perfect trinity. I have often admired the mystical way of Pythagoras, and the secret magic of numbers. Beware of philosophy, is a precept not to be received in too large a sense; for in this mass of nature there is a set of things that carry in their front, though not in capital letters, yet in

stenography, and short characters, something of divinity, which to wiser reasons serve as luminaries in the abyss of knowledge, and to judicious beliefs, as scales and rundles to mount the pinnacles and highest pieces of divinity. The severe schools shall never laugh me out of the philosophy of Hermes, that this visible world is but a picture of the invisible, wherein as in a portrait, things are not truly, but in equivocal shapes, and as they counterfeit some real substance in that invisible fabric.

That other attribute wherewith I recreate my devotion, is his wisdom, in which I am happy; and for the contemplation of this only, do not repent me that I was bred in the way of study: the advantage I have of the vulgar, with the content and happiness I conceive therein, is an ample recompence for all my endeavours, in what part of knowledge soever. Wisdom is his most beauteous attribute; no man can attain unto it; yet Solomon pleased God when he desired it. He is wise, because he knows all things; and he knoweth all things, because he made them all: but his greatest knowledge is in comprehending that he made not, that is, himself. And this is also the greatest knowledge in man. For this do I honour my own profession, and embrace the counsel even of the devil himself: had he read such a lecture in paradise, as he did at Delphos, we had better known ourselves; nor had we stood in fear to know him. I know God is wise in all, wonderful in what we conceive, but far more in what we comprehend not; for we

behold him but asquint upon reflex or shadow; our understanding is dimmer than Moses's eye; we are ignorant of the back parts or lower side of his divinity; therefore to pry into the maze of his counsels, is not only folly in man, but presumption even in angels; like us, they are his servants, not his senators; he holds no counsel, but that mystical one of the Trinity, wherein, though there be three persons, there is but one mind that decrees without contradiction: nor needs he any; his actions are not begot with deliberation, his wisdom naturally knows what is best; his intellect stands ready fraught with the superlative and purest ideas of goodness; consultation and election, which are two motions in us, make but one in him; his action springing from his power, at the first touch of his will. These are contemplations metaphysical: my humble speculations have another method, and are content to trace and discover those expressions he hath left in his creatures, and the obvious effects of nature; there is no danger to profound these mysteries, no *sanctum sanctorum* in philosophy: the world was made to be inhabited by beasts; but studied and contemplated by man: it is the debt of our reason we owe unto God, and the homage we pay for not being beasts; without this, the world is still as though it had not been, or as it was before the sixth day, when as yet there was not a creature that could conceive, or say there was a world. The wisdom of God receives small honour from those vulgar heads that rudely stare about, and with a gross rus-

ticity admire his works; those highly magnify him, whose judicious inquiry into his acts, and deliberate research into his creatures, return the duty of a devout and learned admiration. Therefore,

Search where thou wilt; and let thy reason go
To ransom truth, e'en to th' abyss below;
Rally the scattered causes; and that line
Which nature twists be able to untwine;
It is thy Maker's will; for unto none
But unto reason can he e'er be known.
The devils do know thee; but those damn'd meteors
Build not thy glory, but confound thy creatures.
Teach my endeavours so thy works to read,
That learning them in thee I may proceed.
Give thou my reason that instructive flight,
Whose weary wings may on thy hands still light.
Teach me to soar aloft, yet ever so,
When near the sun, to stoop again below.
Thus shall my humble feathers safely hover,
And though near earth, more than the heav'ns discover.
And then at last, when homeward I shall drive,
Rich with the spoils of nature, to my hive,
There will I sit, like that industrious fly,
Buzzing thy praises; which shall never die
Till death abrupts them, and succeeding glory
Bid me go on in a more lasting story.

And this is almost all wherein a humble creature may endeavour to requite, and some way to retribute unto his Creator: for if not he that saith Lord, Lord, but he that doth the will of his Father, shall be saved, certainly our wills must be our performances, and our intents make out our actions; otherwise our pious labours

shall find anxiety in our graves, and our best endeavours not hope, but fear a resurrection.

There is but one first cause, and four second causes of all things; some are without efficient, as God; others without matter, as angels; some without form, as the first matter: but every essence, created or uncreated, hath its final cause, and some positive end both of its essence and operation; this is the cause I grope after in the works of nature; on this hangs the providence of God. To raise so beauteous a structure, as the world and the creatures thereof, was but his art; but their sundry and divided operations, with their predestinated ends, are from the treasure of his wisdom. In the causes, nature, and affections of the eclipses of the sun and moon, there is most excellent speculation; but to profound farther, and to contemplate a reason why his providence hath so disposed and ordered their motions in that vast circle, as to conjoin and obscure each other, is a sweeter piece of reason, and a diviner point of philosophy; therefore sometimes, and in some things, there appears to me as much divinity in Galen's books *De Usu Partium*, as in Suarez's *Metaphysics*: had Aristotle been as curious in the inquiry of this cause as he was of the other, he had not left behind him an imperfect piece of philosophy, but an absolute tract of divinity.

Natura nihil agit frustra, is the only indisputable axiom in philosophy; there are no grotesques in nature; not anything framed to fill up empty cantons, and unnecessary spaces: in the most imperfect creatures, and such as were

not preserved in the ark, but having their seeds and principles in the womb of nature, are everywhere, where the power of the sun is, in these is the wisdom of his hand discovered. Out of this rank Solomon chose the objects of admiration; indeed what reason may not go to school to the wisdom of bees, ants, and spiders? what wise hand teacheth them to do what reason cannot teach us? ruder heads stand amazed at those prodigious pieces of nature, whales, elephants, dromedaries, and camels; these I confess are the colossus and majestic pieces of her hand: but in these narrow engines there is more curious mathematics; and the civility of these little citizens, more neatly sets forth the wisdom of their Maker. Who admires not Regio Montanus's fly beyond his eagle, or wonders not more at the operation of two souls in those little bodies, than but one in the trunk of a cedar? I could never content my contemplation with those general pieces of wonder, the flux and reflux of the sea, the increase of Nile, the conversion of the needle to the north; and have studied to match and parallel those in the more obvious and neglected pieces of nature, which without further travel I can do in the cosmography of myself. We carry with us the wonders we seek without us: there is all Africa and her prodigies in us: we are that bold and adventurous piece of nature, which he that studies wisely learns in a compendium, what others labour at in a divided piece and endless volume.

Thus there are two books from whence I

collect my divinity—besides that written one of God, another of his servant nature; that universal and public manuscript, that lies expanded unto the eyes of all—those that never saw him in the one, have discovered him in the other. This was the scripture and theology of the heathens; the natural motion of the sun made them more admire him, than its supernatural station did the children of Israel; the ordinary effects of nature wrought more admiration in them than in the other all his miracles: surely the heathens knew better how to join and read these mystical letters than we Christians, who cast a more careless eye on these common hieroglyphics, and disdain to suck divinity from the flowers of nature. Nor do I so forget God as to adore the name of nature; which I define not with the schools, to be the principle of motion and rest, but that straight and regular line, that settled and constant course the wisdom of God hath ordained the actions of his creatures, according to their several kinds. To make a revolution every day is the nature of the sun, because of that necessary course which God hath ordained it, from which, by a faculty from that voice which first did give it motion, it cannot swerve. Now this course of nature God seldom alters or perverts, but like an excellent artist hath so contrived his work, that with the self-same instrument, without a new creation, he may effect his obscurest designs. Thus he sweeteneth the water with a wood, preserveth the creatures in the ark, which the blast of his

mouth might have as easily created; for God is like a skilful geometrician, who when more easily, and with one stroke of his compass, he might describe or divide a right line, had yet rather to do this in a circle or longer way, according to the constituted and forelaid principles of his art: yet this rule of his he doth sometimes pervert, to acquaint the world with his prerogative, lest the arrogancy of our reason should question his power, and conclude he could not. And thus I call the effects of nature the works of God, whose hand and instrument she only is; and therefore to ascribe his actions unto her is to devolve the honour of the principal agent upon the instrument; which if with reason we may do, then let our hammers rise up and boast they have built our houses, and our pens receive the honour of our writing. I hold there is a general beauty in the works of God, and therefore no deformity in any kind or species of creature whatsoever. I cannot tell by what logic we call a toad, a bear, or an elephant ugly, they being created in those outward shapes and figures which best express those actions of their inward forms. And having passed that general visitation of God, who saw that all that he had made was good, that is, conformable to his will, which abhors deformity, and is the rule of order and beauty; there is no deformity but in monstrosity, wherein notwithstanding there is a kind of beauty. Nature so ingeniously contriving the irregular parts, as they become sometimes more remark-

able than the principal fabric. To speak yet more narrowly, there was never anything ugly or mis-shapen but the chaos; wherein notwithstanding, to speak strictly, there was no deformity, because no form, nor was it yet impregnate by the voice of God. Now, nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature; they being both servants of his providence. Art is the perfection of nature: were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world, and art another. In brief, all things are artificial; for nature is the art of God.

This is the ordinary and open way of his providence, which art and industry have in a good part discovered, whose effects we may foretell without an oracle; to foreshow these is not prophecy, but prognostication. There is another way full of meanders and labyrinths, whereof the devil and spirits have no exact ephemerides, and that is a more particular and obscure method of his providence, directing the operations of individuals and single essences: this we call fortune, that serpentine and crooked line, whereby he draws those actions his wisdom intends in a more unknown and secret way: this cryptic and involved method of his providence have I ever admired, nor can I relate the history of my life, the occurrences of my days, the escapes of dangers, and hits of chance, with a *Bezo las Manos* to fortune, or a bare gramercy to my good stars. Abraham might have thought

the ram in the thicket came thither by accident; human reason would have said that mere chance conveyed Moses in the ark to the sight of Pharaoh's daughter; what a labyrinth is there in the story of Joseph, able to convert a stoic! Surely there are in every man's life certain rubs, doublings, and wrenches, which pass awhile under the effects of chance, but at the last, well examined, prove the mere hand of God. It was not dumb chance that, to discover the fougade, or powder-plot, contrived a miscarriage in the letter. I like the victory of eighty-eight the better for that one occurrence which our enemies imputed to our dishonour, and the partiality of fortune, to wit, the tempests and contrariety of winds. King Philip did not detract from the nation, when he said, he sent his Armada to fight with men, and not to combat with the winds. Where there is a manifest disproportion between the powers and forces of two several agents, upon a maxim of reason we may promise the victory to the superior; but when unexpected accidents slip in, and unthought-of occurrences intervene, these must proceed from a power that owes no obedience to those axioms; where, as in the writing upon the wall, we may behold the hand, but see not the spring that moves it. The success of that petty province of Holland (of which the grand seignor proudly said, if they should trouble him as they did the Spaniard, he would send his men with shovels and pickaxes, and throw it into the sea) I cannot altogether ascribe to the

ingenuity and industry of the people, but the mercy of God, that hath disposed them to such a thriving genius; and to the will of his providence, that disposeth her favour to each country in their preordinate season. All cannot be happy at once; for because the glory of one state depends upon the ruin of another, there is a revolution and vicissitude of their greatness, and they must obey the swing of that wheel, not moved by intelligences, but by the hand of God, whereby all estates arise to their zenith and vertical points, according to their predestinated periods. For the lives, not only of men, but of commonwealths and the whole world, run not upon a helix that still enlargeth, but on a circle, where, arriving to their meridian, they decline in obscurity, and fall under the horizon again.

These must not therefore be named the effects of fortune, but in a relative way, and as we term the works of nature: it was the ignorance of man's reason that begat this very name, and by a careless term miscalled the Providence of God; for there is no liberty for causes to operate in a loose and straggling way, nor any effect whatsoever, but hath its warrant from some universal or superior cause. It is not a ridiculous devotion to say a prayer before a game at tables; for even in sortileges and matters of greatest uncertainty there is a settled and preordered course of effects. It is we that are blind, not Fortune: because our eye is too dim to discover the mystery of her effects, we foolishly paint her blind, and hood-

wink the providence of the Almighty. I cannot justify that contemptible proverb, that fools only are fortunate; or that insolent paradox, that a wise man is out of the reach of fortune; much less those opprobrious epithets of poets, whore, bawd, and strumpet. It is, I confess, the common fate of men of singular gifts of mind, to be destitute of those of fortune; which doth not any way deject the spirit of wiser judgments, who thoroughly understand the justice of this proceeding, and being enriched with higher donatives, cast a more careless eye on these vulgar parts of felicity. It is a most unjust ambition to desire to engross the mercies of the Almighty; not to be content with the goods of mind, without a possession of those of body or fortune: and it is an error worse than heresy, to adore these complimental and circumstantial pieces of felicity, and undervalue those perfections and essential points of happiness wherein we resemble our Maker. To wiser desires it is satisfaction enough to deserve, though not to enjoy, the favours of fortune; let Providence provide for fools. It is not partiality but equity in God, who deals with us but as our natural parents: those that are able of body and mind he leaves to their deserts; to those of weaker merits he imparts a larger portion, and pieces out the defect of one by the excess of the other. Thus have we no just quarrel with nature for leaving us naked; or to envy the horns, hoofs, skins, and furs of other creatures, being provided with reason, that can supply them all. We need

not labour with so many arguments to confute judicial astrology; for if there be a truth therein, it doth not injure divinity. If to be born under Mercury disposeth us to be witty, under Jupiter to be wealthy, I do not owe a knee unto these, but unto that merciful hand that hath ordered my indifferent and uncertain nativity unto such benevolent aspects. Those that hold that all things are governed by fortune, had not erred had they not persisted there: the Romans that erected a temple to Fortune, acknowledged therein, though in a blinder way, somewhat of divinity; for in a wise supputation all things begin and end in the Almighty. There is a nearer way to heaven than Homer's chain: an easy logic may conjoin heaven and earth in one argument, and with less than a sorites resolve all things into God. For though we christen effects by their most sensible and nearest causes, yet is God the true and infallible cause of all, whose concourse, though it be general, yet doth it subdivide itself into the particular actions of everything, and is that spirit by which each singular essence not only subsists, but performs its operation.

The bad construction, and perverse comment on these pair of second causes, or visible hands of God, have perverted the devotion of many unto atheism; who, forgetting the honest advisoes of faith, have listened unto the conspiracy of passion and reason. I have therefore always endeavoured to compose those feuds and angry dissentions between affection, faith,

and reason; for there is in our soul a kind of triumvirate, or triple government of three competitors, which distract the peace of this our commonwealth, not less than did that other the state of Rome.

As reason is a rebel unto faith, so passion unto reason: as the propositions of faith seem absurd unto reason, so the theorems of reason unto passion, and both unto faith; yet a moderate and peaceable discretion may so state and order the matter, that they may be all kings, and yet make but one monarchy, every-one exercising his sovereignty and prerogative in a due time and place, according to the restraint and limit of circumstance. There are, as in philosophy, so in divinity, sturdy doubts, and boisterous objections, wherewith the unhappiness of our knowledge too nearly acquainteth us. More of these no man hath known than myself, which I confess I conquered, not in a martial posture, but on my knees. For our endeavours are not only to combat with doubts, but always to dispute with the devil: the villany of that spirit takes a hint of infidelity from our studies, and by demonstrating a naturality in one way, makes us mistrust a miracle in another. Thus having perused the archidoxes, and read the secret sympathies of things, he would dissuade my belief from the miracle of the brazen serpent, make me conceit that image worked by sympathy, and was but an Egyptian trick to cure their diseases without a miracle. Again, having seen some experiments of bitumen, and

having read far more of naphtha, he whispered to my curiosity the fire of the altar might be natural; and bid me mistrust a miracle in Elias when he entrenched the altar round with water; for that inflammable substance yields not easily unto water, but flames in the arms of its antagonist. And thus would he inveigle my belief to think the combustion of Sodom might be natural, and that there was an asphaltic and bituminous nature in that lake before the fire of Gomorrah. I know that manna is now plentifully gathered in Calabria; and Josephus tells me, in his days it was as plentiful in Arabia; the devil therefore made the query, Where was then the miracle in the days of Moses? the Israelites saw but that in his time, the natives of those countries behold in ours. Thus the devil played at chess with me, and yielding a pawn, thought to gain a queen of me, taking advantage of my honest endeavours; and whilst I laboured to raise the structure of my reason, he strived to undermine the edifice of my faith.

Neither had these or any other ever such advantage of me, as to incline me to any point of infidelity or desperate positions of atheism; for I have been these many years of opinion there was never any. Those that held religion was the difference of man from beasts have spoken probably, and proceed upon a principle as inductive as the other. That doctrine of Epicurus, that denied the providence of God, was no atheism, but a magnificent and high-strained conceit of his majesty, which he

deemed too sublime to mind the trivial actions of those inferior creatures. That fatal necessity of the Stoics, is nothing but the immutable law of his will. Those that heretofore denied the divinity of the Holy Ghost, have been condemned but as heretics; and those that now deny our Saviour (though more than heretics) are not so much as atheists; for though they deny two persons in the Trinity, they hold, as we do, there is but one God.

That villain and secretary of hell, that composed that miscreant piece of the Three Impostors, though divided from all religions, and was neither Jew, Turk, nor Christian, was not a positive atheist. I confess every country hath its Machiavel, every age its Lucian, whereof common heads must not hear, nor advanced judgments too rashly venture on: it is the rhetoric of Satan, and may pervert a loose or prejudicate belief.

I confess I have perused them all, and can discover nothing that may startle a discreet belief; yet are their heads carried off with the wind and breath of such motives. I remember a doctor in physic of Italy, who could not perfectly believe the immortality of the soul, because Galen seemed to make a doubt thereof. With another I was familiarly acquainted in France, a divine, and a man of singular parts, that on the same point was so plunged and gravelled with three lines of Seneca, that all our antidotes, drawn from both Scripture and philosophy, could not expel the poison of his error. There are a set of heads that can credit

the relations of mariners, yet question the testimonies of St. Paul; and peremptorily maintain the traditions of Ælian or Pliny, yet in histories of Scripture raise queries and objections, believing no more than they can parallel in human authors. I confess there are in Scripture stories that do exceed the fables of poets, and to a captious reader sound like Gargantua or Bevis. Search all the legends of times past, and the fabulous conceits of these present, and it will be hard to find one that deserves to carry the buckler unto Sampson; yet is all this of an easy possibility, if we conceive a divine concourse, or an influence from the little finger of the Almighty. It is impossible that either in the discourse of man, or in the infallible voice of God, to the weakness of our apprehensions there should not appear irregularities, contradictions, and antinomies: myself could show a catalogue of doubts, never yet imagined or questioned, as I know, which are not resolved at the first hearing; not fantastic queries or objections of air; for I cannot hear of atoms in divinity. I can read the history of the pigeon that was sent out of the ark, and returned no more, yet not question how she found out her mate that was left behind: that Lazarus was raised from the dead, yet not demand where in the interim his soul awaited; or raise a law-case, whether his heir might lawfully detain his inheritance bequeathed unto him by his death, and he, though restored to life, have no plea or title unto his former possessions. Whether Eve was framed out of the left side of Adam,

I dispute not; because I stand not yet assured which is the right side of a man; or whether there be any such distinction in nature. That she was edified out of the rib of Adam, I believe, yet raise no question who shall arise with that rib at the resurrection. Whether Adam was an hermaphrodite, as the rabbins contend upon the letter of the text, because it is contrary to reason there should be an hermaphrodite before there was a woman; or a composition of two natures, before there was a second composed. Likewise, whether the world was created in autumn, summer, or the spring, because it was created in them all; for whatsoever sign the sun possesseth, those four seasons are actually existent: it is the nature of this luminary to distinguish the several seasons of the year, all which it makes at one time in the whole earth, and successively in any part thereof. There are a bundle of curiosities, not only in philosophy, but in divinity, proposed and discussed by men of most supposed abilities, which indeed are not worthy our vacant hours, much less our serious studies. Pieces only fit to be placed in Pantagruel's library, or bound up with Tartaretus's *De Modo Cacandi*.

These are niceties that become not those that peruse so serious a mystery: there are others more generally questioned and called to the bar, yet methinks of an easy and possible truth.

It is ridiculous to put off, or down, the general flood of Noah, in that particular inundation of Deucalion: that there was a deluge

once, seems not to me so great a miracle as that there is not one always. How all the kinds of creatures, not only in their own bulks, but with a competency of food and sustenance, might be preserved in one ark, and within the extent of three hundred cubits, to a reason that rightly examines it, will appear very feasible. There is another secret not contained in the Scripture, which is more hard to comprehend, and put the honest father to the refuge of a miracle: and that is, not only how the distinct pieces of the world, and divided islands, should be first planted by men, but inhabited by tigers, panthers, and bears. How America abounded with beasts of prey and noxious animals, yet contained not in it that necessary creature, a horse, is very strange. By what passage those, not only birds, but dangerous and unwelcome beasts came over: how there be creatures there, which are not found in this triple continent: all which must needs be strange unto us, that hold but one ark, and that the creatures began their progress from the mountains of Ararat. They who to solve this would make the deluge particular, proceed upon a principle that I can no way grant; not only upon the negative of holy Scriptures, but of my own reason, whereby I can make it probable, that the world was as well peopled in the time of Noah as in ours; and fifteen hundred years to people the world, as full a time for them, as four thousand years since have been to us. There are other assertions and common tenets drawn from Scripture, and generally believed as Scripture, whereunto,

notwithstanding, I would never betray the liberty of my reason. It is a paradox to me, that Methusalem was the longest lived of all the children of Adam, and no man will be able to prove it; when, from the process of the text, I can manifest it may be otherwise. That Judas perished by hanging himself, there is no certainty in Scripture: though in one place it seems to affirm it, and by a doubtful word hath given occasion to translate it; yet in another place, in a more punctual description, it makes it improbable, and seems to overthrow it. That our fathers, after the flood, erected the tower of Babel, to preserve themselves against a second deluge, is generally opinioned and believed, yet is there another intention of theirs expressed in Scripture. Besides, it is improbable, from the circumstance of the place, that is, a plain in the land of Shinar. These are no points of faith, and therefore may admit a free dispute. There are yet others, and those familiarly concluded from the text, wherein (under favour) I see no consequence: the church of Rome confidently proves the opinion of tutelary angels, from that answer when Peter knocked at the door; "It is not he, but his angel;" that is, might some say, his messenger, or somebody from him; for so the original signifies; and is as likely to be the doubtful phrase's meaning. This exposition I once suggested to a young divine, that answered upon this point; to which I remember the Franciscan opponent replied no more; but that it was a new, and no authentic interpretation.

These are but the conclusions and fallible discourses of man upon the word of God; for such I do believe the holy Scriptures; yet were it of man, I could not choose but say, it was the singularest, and superlative piece that hath been extant since the creation: were I a pagan, I should not refrain the lecture of it; and cannot but commend the judgment of Ptolemy, that thought not his library complete without it. The Alcoran of the Turks (I speak without prejudice) is an ill-composed piece, containing in it vain and ridiculous errors in philosophy, impossibilities, fictions, and vanities beyond laughter, maintained by evident and open sophisms, the policy of ignorance, deposition of universities, and banishment of learning; that hath gotten foot by arms and violence: this, without a blow, hath disseminated itself through the whole earth. It is not unremarkable what Philo first observed, that the law of Moses continued two thousand years without the least alteration; whereas, we see the laws of other commonwealths do alter with occasions: and even those that pretend their original from some divinity, to have vanished without trace or memory. I believe, besides Zoroaster, there were divers that wrote before Moses, who, notwithstanding, have suffered the common fate of time. Men's works have an age like themselves; and though they outlive their authors, yet have they a stint and period to their duration. This only is a work too hard for the teeth of time, and cannot perish but in the general flames, when all things shall confess their ashes.

I have heard some with deep sighs lament the lost lines of Cicero; others with as many groans deplore the combustion of the library of Alexandria. For my own part, I think there be too many in the world, and could with patience behold the urn and ashes of the Vatican, could I, with a few others, recover the perished leaves of Solomon. I would not omit a copy of Enoch's *Pillars*, had they many nearer authors than Josephus, or did not relish somewhat of the fable. Some men have written more than others have spoken. Pineda quotes more authors in one work, than are necessary in a whole world. Of those three great inventions in Germany, there are two which are not without their incommodities, and it is disputable whether they exceed not their use and commodities. It is not a melancholy *utinam* of my own, but the desires of better heads, that there were a general synod; not to unite the incompatible difference of religion, but for the benefit of learning, to reduce it as it lay at first, in a few and solid authors; and to condemn to the fire those swarms and millions of rhapsodies, begotten only to distract and abuse the weaker judgments of scholars, and to maintain the trade and mystery of typographers.

I cannot but wonder with what exception the Samaritans could confine their belief to the Pentateuch, or five books of Moses. I am ashamed at the rabbinical interpretation of the Jews, upon the Old Testament, as much as their defection from the New. And truly it is beyond wonder, how that contemptible and

degenerate issue of Jacob, once so devoted to ethnic superstition, and so easily seduced to the idolatry of their neighbours, should now, in such an obstinate and peremptory belief, adhere unto their own doctrine, expect impossibilities, and in the face and eye of the church, persist without the least hope of conversion. This is a vice in them, that were a virtue in us; for obstinacy in a bad cause is but constancy in a good. And herein I must accuse those of my own religion; for there is not any of such a fugitive faith, such an unstable belief, as a Christian; none that do so oft transform themselves, not unto several shapes of Christianity, and of the same species, but unto more unnatural and contrary forms, of Jew and Mahometan; that from the name of saviour, can condescend to the bare term of prophet; and from an old belief that he is come, fall to a new expectation of his coming. It is the promise of Christ to make us all one flock; but how, and when this union shall be, is as obscure to me as the last day. Of those four members of religion, we hold a slender proportion; there are, I confess, some new additions, yet small to those which accrue to our adversaries, and those only drawn from the revolt of pagans, men but of negative impieties, and such as deny Christ, but because they never heard of him. But the religion of the Jews is expressly against the Christian; and the Mahometan against both. For the Turk, in the bulk he now stands, he is beyond all hope of conversion: if he fall asunder, there may be conceived

hopes, but not without strong improbabilities. The Jew is obstinate in all fortunes; the persecution of fifteen hundred years hath but confirmed them in their error: they have already endured whatsoever may be inflicted, and have suffered, in a bad cause, even to the condemnation of their enemies. Persecution is a bad and indirect way to plant religion; it hath been the unhappy method of angry devotions, not only to confirm honest religion, but wicked heresies, and extravagant opinions. It was the first stone and basis of our faith; none can more justly boast of persecutions, and glory in the number and valour of martyrs; for, to speak properly, those are true, and almost only examples of fortitude. Those that are fetched from the field, or drawn from the actions of the camp, are not oft-times so truly precedents of valour as audacity, and at the best attain but to some bastard piece of fortitude. If we shall strictly examine the circumstances and requisites which Aristotle requires to true and perfect valour, we shall find the name only in his master, Alexander, and as little in that Roman worthy, Julius Cæsar; and if any, in that easy and active way, have done so nobly as to deserve that name, yet in the passive and more terrible piece these have surpassed, and in a more heroical way, may claim the honour of that title. It is not in the power of every honest faith to proceed thus far, or pass to heaven through the flames; every one hath it not in that full measure, or in so audacious and resolute a temper, as to endure those terrible tests

and trials; who, notwithstanding, in a peaceable way do truly adore their Saviour, and have (no doubt) a faith acceptable in the eyes of God.

Now, as all that die in the war are not termed soldiers, so neither can I properly term all those that suffer in matters of religion, martyrs. The council of Constance condemns John Huss for a heretic: the stories of his own party style him a martyr. He must needs offend the divinity of both, that says he was neither the one nor the other. There are many (questionless) canonized on earth, that shall never be saints in heaven; and have their names in histories and martyrologies, who in the eyes of God are not so perfect martyrs, as was that wise heathen, Socrates, that suffered on a fundamental point of religion, the unity of God. I have often pitied the miserable bishop that suffered in the cause of antipodes, yet cannot choose but accuse him of as much madness, for exposing his living on such a trifle, as those of ignorance and folly, that condemned him. I think my conscience will not give me the lie, if I say there are not many extant that in a noble way fear the face of death less than myself; yet from the moral duty I owe to the commandment of God, and the natural respects that I tender unto the conservation of my essence and being, I would not perish upon a ceremony, politic points, or indifferency. Nor is my belief of that untractable temper, as not to bow at their obstacles, or connive at matters wherein there are not

manifest impieties. The leaven, therefore, and ferment of all, not only civil, but religious actions, is wisdom; without which, to commit ourselves to the flames is homicide, and (I fear) but to pass through one fire into another.

That miracles are ceased, I can neither prove, nor absolutely deny, much less define the time and period of their cessation. That they survived Christ, is manifest upon the record of Scripture: that they outlived the apostles also, and were revived at the conversion of nations, many years after, we cannot deny; if we shall not question those writers whose testimonies we do not controvert, in points that make for our own opinions; therefore that may have some truth in it that is reported by the Jesuits of their miracles in the Indies: I could wish it were true, or had any other testimony than their own pens. They may easily believe those miracles abroad, who daily conceive a greater at home, the transmutation of those visible elements into the body and blood of our Saviour. For the conversion of water into wine, which he wrought in Cana, or what the devil would have had him do in the wilderness, of stones into bread, compared to this, will scarce deserve the name of a miracle. Though indeed, to speak properly, there is not one miracle greater than another, they being the extraordinary effects of the hand of God, to which all things are of an equal facility; and to create the world as easy as one single creature. For this is also a miracle, not only

to produce effects against, or above nature, but before nature; and to create nature as great a miracle as to contradict, or transcend her. We do too narrowly define the power of God, restraining it to our capacities. I hold that God can do all things; how he should work contradictions I do not understand, yet dare not therefore deny. I cannot see why the angel of God should question Esdras to recall the time past, if it were beyond his own power; or that God should pose mortality in that which he was not able to perform himself. I will not say God cannot, but he will not perform many things, which we plainly affirm he cannot: this I am sure is the mannerliest proposition, wherein, notwithstanding, I hold no paradox. For strictly his power is the same with his will, and they both with all the rest do make but one God.

Therefore, that miracles have been, I do believe; that they may yet be wrought by the living, I do not deny: but have no confidence in those which are fathered on the dead; and this hath ever made me suspect the efficacy of relics, to examine the bones, question the habits and appurtenances of saints, and even of Christ himself. I cannot conceive why the cross that Helena found, and whereon Christ himself died, should have power to restore others unto life. I excuse not Constantine from a fall off his horse, or a mischief from his enemies, upon the wearing those nails on his bridle, which our Saviour bore upon the cross in his hands. I compute among *piæ fraudes*,

nor many degrees before consecrated swords and roses, that which Baldwin, king of Jerusalem, returned the Genoese for their cost and pains in his war, to wit, the ashes of John the Baptist. Those that hold the sanctity of their souls doth leave behind a tincture and sacred faculty on their bodies, speak naturally of miracles, and do not solve the doubt. Now one reason I tender so little devotion unto relics is, I think, the slender and doubtful respect I have always held unto antiquities. For that indeed which I admire is far before antiquity, that is, eternity, and that is God himself; who, though he be styled the Ancient of Days, cannot receive the adjunct of antiquity, who was before the world, and shall be after it, yet is not older than it; for in his years there is no climacter; his duration is eternity and far more venerable than antiquity.

But above all things I wonder how the curiosity of wiser heads could pass that great and indisputable miracle, the cessation of oracles: and in what swoon their reasons lay, to content themselves, and sit down with such a far-fetched, and ridiculous reason as Plutarch allegeth for it. The Jews that can believe the supernatural solstice of the sun in the days of Joshua, have yet the impudence to deny the eclipse, which every pagan confessed, at his death: but for this, it is evident beyond all contradiction, the devil himself confessed it. Certainly it is not a warrantable curiosity to examine the verity of Scripture by the concordance of human history, or seek to confirm the

chronicle of Hester or Daniel, by the authority of Megasthenes or Herodotus. I confess I have had an unhappy curiosity this way, till I laughed myself out of it with a piece of Justin, where he delivers that the children of Israel, for being scabbed, were banished out of Egypt. And truly, since I have understood the occurrences of the world, and know in what counterfeit shapes and deceitful vizards times present represent on the stage things past, I do believe them little more than things to come. Some have been of my opinion, and endeavoured to write the history of their own lives; wherein Moses hath outgone them all, and left not only the story of his life, but as some will have it, of his death also.

It is a riddle to me, how this story of oracles hath not wormed out of the world that doubtful conceit of spirits and witches; how so many learned heads should so far forget their metaphysics, and destroy the ladder and scale of creatures, as to question the existence of spirits: for my part, I have ever believed, and do now know, that there are witches. They that doubt of these, do not only deny them, but spirits; and are obliquely, and upon consequence a sort, not of infidels, but atheists. Those that, to confute their incredulity, desire to see apparitions, shall questionless never behold any, nor have the power to be so much as witches. The devil hath them already in a heresy as capital as witchcraft; and to appear to them, were but to convert them. Of all the delusions wherewith he deceives mortality,

there is not any that puzzleth me more than the legerdemain of changelings. I do not credit those transformations of reasonable creatures into beasts, or that the devil hath a power to transpeciate a man into a horse, who tempted Christ, (as a trial of his divinity,) to convert but stones into bread. I could believe that spirits use with man the act of carnality, and that in both sexes: I conceive they may assume, steal, or contrive a body, wherein there may be action enough to content decrepit lust, or passion to satisfy more active veneries; yet in both, without a possibility of generation: and therefore that opinion that Antichrist should be born of the tribe of Dan, by conjunction with the devil, is ridiculous, and a conceit fitter for a rabbin than a Christian. I hold that the devil doth really possess some men, the spirit of melancholy others, the spirit of delusion others; that as the devil is concealed and denied by some, so God and good angels are pretended by others, whereof the late defection of the maid of Germany hath left a pregnant example.

Again, I believe that all that use sorceries, incantations, and spells are not witches, or, as we term them, magicians: I conceive there is a traditional magic, not learned immediately from the devil, but at second-hand from his scholars, who having once the secret betrayed, are able, and do empirically practise without his advice, they proceeding upon the principles of nature; where actives aptly conjoined to disposed passives, will under any master pro-

duce their effects. Thus I think at first a part of philosophy was witchcraft, which being afterward derived to one another, proved but philosophy, and was indeed no more but the honest effects of nature. What invented by us is philosophy, learned from him is magic. We do surely owe the discovery of many secrets, to the discovery of good and bad angels. I could never pass that sentence of Paracelsus, without an asterisk, or annotation; *Ascendens constellatum multa revelat, quærentibus magnalia naturæ*, i.e. *opera Dei*. I do think that many mysteries ascribed to our own inventions, have been the courteous revelations of spirits; for those noble essences in heaven, bear a friendly regard unto their fellow-nature on earth; and therefore believe that those many prodigies and ominous prognostics, which forerun the ruins of states, princes, and private persons, are the charitable premonitions of good angels, which more careless enquiries term but the effects of chance and nature.

Now, besides these particular and divided spirits, there may be (for aught I know) an universal and common spirit to the whole world. It was the opinion of Plato, and it is yet of the Hermetical philosophers: if there be a common nature that unites and ties the scattered and divided individuals into one species, why may there not be one that unites them all? However, I am sure there is a common spirit that plays within us, yet makes no part in us; and that is the Spirit of God, the fire and scintillation of that noble and

mighty essence, which is the life and radical heat of spirits, and those essences that know not the virtue of the sun, a fire quite contrary to the fire of hell. This is that gentle heat that brooded on the waters, and in six days hatched the world; this is that irradiation that dispels the mists of hell, the clouds of horror, fear, sorrow, despair; and preserves the region of the mind in serenity. Whatsoever feels not the warm gale and gentle ventilation of this spirit, (though I feel his pulse,) I dare not say he lives; for truly without this, to me there is no heat under the tropic; nor any light, though I dwelt in the body of the sun.

As when the labouring Sun hath wrought his track
Up to the top of lofty Cancer's back,
The icy ocean cracks, the frozen pole
Thaws with the heat of the celestial coal;
So when thy absent beams begin t' impart
Again a solstice on my frozen heart,
My winter's o'er, my drooping spirits sing,
And every part revives into a spring.
But if thy quickening beams awhile decline,
And with their light bless not this orb of mine,
A chilly frost surpriseth every member,
And in the midst of June I feel December.
Oh how this earthly temper doth debase
The noble soul, in this her humble place!
Whose wingy nature ever doth aspire
To reach that place whence first it took its fire.
These flames I feel, which in my heart do dwell,
Are not thy beams, but take their fire from hell.
O quench them all! and let thy light divine,
Be as the sun to this poor orb of mine!
And to thy sacred Spirit convert those fires,
Whose earthly fumes choke my devout aspires!

Therefore, for spirits, I am so far from denying their existence, that I could easily believe, that not only whole countries, but particular persons have their tutelary and guardian angels: it is not a new opinion of the church of Rome, but an old one of Pythagoras and Plato; there is no heresy in it, and if not manifestly defined in Scripture, yet it is an opinion of a good and wholesome use in the course and actions of a man's life, and would serve as an hypothesis to salve many doubts, whereof common philosophy affordeth no solution. Now, if you demand my opinion and metaphysics of their natures, I confess them very shallow, most of them in a negative way, like that of God; or in a comparative, between ourselves and fellow-creatures; for there is in this universe a stair, or manifest scale of creatures, rising not disorderly, or in confusion, but with a comely method and proportion. Between creatures of mere existence and things of life, there is a large disproportion of nature; between plants and animals and creatures of sense, a wider difference; between them and man, a far greater: and if the proportion hold on, between man and angels there should be yet a greater. We do not comprehend their natures, who retain the first definition of Porphyry, and distinguish them from ourselves by immortality; for before his fall, it is thought man also was immortal; yet must we needs affirm that he had a different essence from the angels; having therefore no certain knowledge of their natures, it is no bad method of the

schools, whatsoever perfection we find obscurely in ourselves, in a more complete and absolute way to ascribe unto them. I believe they have an extemporary knowledge, and upon the first motion of their reason do what we cannot without study or deliberation; that they know things by their forms, and define by specifical difference what we describe by accidents and properties; and therefore probabilities to us may be demonstrations unto them: that they have knowledge not only of the specifical, but numerical forms of individuals, and understand by what reserved difference each single hypostasis (besides the relation to its species) becomes its numerical self. That as the soul hath power to move the body it informs, so there is a faculty to move any, though inform none; ours upon restraint of time, place, and distance; but that invisible hand that conveyed Habakkuk to the lions' den, or Philip to Azotus, infringeth this rule, and hath a secret conveyance, wherewith mortality is not acquainted. If they have that intuitive knowledge, whereby as in reflection they behold the thoughts of one another, I cannot peremptorily deny but they know a great part of ours. They that to refute the invocation of saints, have denied that they have any knowledge of our affairs below, have proceeded too far, and must pardon my opinion, till I can thoroughly answer that piece of Scripture, "At the conversion of a sinner the angels in heaven rejoice". I cannot with those in that great Father securely interpret

the work of the first day, *fiat lux*, to the creation of angels, though I confess there is not any creature that hath so near a glimpse of their nature, as light in the sun and elements. We style it a bare accident, but where it subsists alone it is a spiritual substance, and may be an angel: in brief, conceive light invisible, and that is a spirit.

These are certainly the magisterial and masterpieces of the Creator, the flower, or (as we may say) the best part of nothing, actually existing, what we are but in hopes, and probability; we are only that amphibious piece between a corporeal and spiritual essence, that middle form that links those two together, and makes good the method of God and nature, that jumps not from extremes, but unites the incompatible distances by some middle and participating natures. That we are the breath and similitude of God, it is indisputable, and upon record of holy Scripture; but to call ourselves a microcosm, or little world, I thought it only a pleasant trope of rhetoric, till my near judgment and second thoughts told me there was a real truth therein: for first we are a rude mass, and in the rank of creatures, which only are, and have a dull kind of being not yet privileged with life, or preferred to sense or reason; next we live the life of plants, the life of animals, the life of men, and at last the life of spirits, running in one mysterious nature those five kinds of existences, which comprehend the creatures not only of the world, but of the universe, thus is man that great and true *amphi-*

bium, whose nature is disposed to live not only like other creatures in divers elements, but in divided and distinguished worlds: for though there be but one to sense, there are two to reason; the one visible, the other invisible, whereof Moses seems to have left description, and of the other so obscurely, that some parts thereof are yet in controversy. And truly for the first chapters of Genesis, I must confess a great deal of obscurity; though divines have to the power of human reason endeavoured to make all go in a literal meaning, yet those allegorical interpretations are also probable, and perhaps the mystical method of Moses, bred up in the hieroglyphical schools of the Egyptians.

Now, for that immaterial world, methinks we need not wander so far as beyond the first moveable; for even in this material fabric the spirits walk as freely exempt from the affection of time, place, and motion, as beyond the extremest circumference. Do but extract from the corpulency of bodies, or resolve things beyond their first matter, and you discover the habitation of angels; which if I call the ubiquitary and omnipresent essence of God, I hope I shall not offend divinity: for before the creation of the world God was really all things. For the angels he created no new world, or determinate mansion, and therefore they are everywhere where is his essence, and do live at a distance even in himself. That God made all things for man, is in some sense true, yet not so far as to subordinate the creation of those purer creatures unto ours, though as minister-

ing spirits they do, and are willing to fulfil the will of God in these lower and sublunary affairs of man. God made all things for himself, and it is impossible he should make them for any other end than his own glory; it is all he can receive, and all that is without himself: for honour being an external adjunct, and in the honourer rather than in the person honoured, it was necessary to make a creature from whom he might receive his homage, and that is, in the other world, angels; in this, man: which when we neglect, we forget the very end of our creation, and may justly provoke God, not only to repent that he hath made the world, but that he hath sworn he would not destroy it. That there is but one world is a conclusion of faith. Aristotle, with all his philosophy, hath not been able to prove it, and, as weakly, that the world was eternal. That dispute much troubled the pen of the philosophers, but Moses decided that question, and all is salved with the new term of a creation, that is, a production of something out of nothing; and what is that? Whatsoever is opposite to something; or more exactly, that which is truly contrary unto God. For he only is, all others have an existence with dependency, and are something but by a distinction; and herein is Divinity conformant unto philosophy, and generation not only founded on contrarieties, but also creation; God being all things, is contrary unto nothing, out of which were made all things, and so nothing became something, and omneity informed nullity into an essence.

The whole creation is a mystery, and particularly that of man. At the blast of His mouth were the rest of the creatures made, and at His bare word they started out of nothing: but in the frame of man (as the text describes it) he played the sensible operator, and seemed not so much to create, as make him. When he had separated the materials of other creatures, there consequently resulted a form and soul; but having raised the walls of man, he was driven to a second and harder creation of a substance like himself, an incorruptible and immortal soul. For these two affections we have the philosophy and opinion of the heathens, the flat affirmative of Plato, and not a negative from Aristotle. There is another scruple cast in by Divinity (concerning its production) much disputed in the German auditories, and with that indifferency and equality of arguments, as leave the controversy undetermined. I am not of Paracelsus's mind, that boldly delivers a receipt to make a man without conjunction; yet cannot but wonder at the multitude of heads that do deny traduction, having no other argument to confirm their belief, than that rhetorical sentence, and antimetathesis of Augustine, *Creando infunditur, infundendo creatur.* Either opinion will consist well enough with religion; yet I should rather incline to this, did not one objection haunt me, not wrung from speculations and subtleties, but from common sense and observation; not picked from the leaves of any author, but bred amongst the weeds and tares of mine own brain. And

this is a conclusion from the equivocal and monstrous productions in the copulation of a man with a beast; for if the soul of man be not transmitted, and transfused in the seed of the parents, why are not those productions merely beasts, but have also an impression and tincture of reason in as high a measure as it can evidence itself in those improper organs? Nor truly can I peremptorily deny, that the soul in this, her sublunary estate, is wholly, and in all acceptions inorganical; but that, for the performance of her ordinary actions, there is required not only a symmetry and proper disposition of organs, but a crasis and temper correspondent to its operations. Yet is not this mass of flesh and visible structure the instrument and proper corps of the soul, but rather of sense, and that the hand of reason. In our study of anatomy there is a mass of mysterious philosophy, and such as reduced the very heathens to divinity; yet amongst all those rare discourses and curious pieces I find in the fabric of man, I do not so much content myself, as in that I find not there is no organ or instrument for the rational soul: for in the brain, which we term the seat of reason, there is not any thing of moment more than I can discover in the cranium of a beast: and this is a sensible and no inconsiderable argument of the inorganity of the soul, at least in that sense we usually so conceive it. Thus we are men, and we know not how; there is something in us that can be without us, and will be after us, though it is strange that it hath no

history what it was before us, nor cannot tell how it entered in us.

Now, for these walls of flesh, wherein the soul doth seem to be immured, before the resurrection, it is nothing but an elemental composition, and a fabric that must fall to ashes. "All flesh is grass", is not only metaphorically but literally true; for all those creatures we behold are but the herbs of the field, digested into flesh in them, or more remotely carnified in ourselves. Nay, further, we are what we all abhor, anthropophagi and cannibals, devourers not only of men, but of ourselves; and that not in an allegory, but a positive truth: for all this mass of flesh which we behold came in at our mouths; this frame we look upon hath been upon our trenchers; in brief, we have devoured ourselves. I cannot believe the wisdom of Pythagoras did ever positively, and in a literal sense, affirm his metempsychosis, or impossible transmigration of the souls of men into beasts. Of all the metamorphoses, or transmigrations, I believe only one, that is of Lot's wife; for that of Nebuchadnezzar proceeded not so far; in all others I conceive there is no further verity than is contained in their implicit sense and morality. I believe that the whole frame of a beast doth perish, and is left in the same state after death as before it was materialled unto life; that the souls of men know neither contrary nor corruption; that they subsist beyond the body, and outlive death by the privilege of their proper natures, and without a miracle;

that the souls of the faithful, as they leave earth, take possession of heaven; that those apparitions and ghosts of departed persons are not the wandering souls of men, but the unquiet walks of devils, prompting and suggesting us unto mischief, blood, and villany, instilling and stealing into our hearts; that the blessed spirits are not at rest in their graves, but wander solicitous of the affairs of the world; but that those phantasms appear often, and do frequent cemeteries, charnel-houses, and churches, it is because those are the dormitories of the dead, where the devil, like an insolent champion, beholds with pride the spoils and trophies of his victory over Adam.

This is that dismal conquest we all deplore, that makes us so often cry, O Adam, *quid fecisti?* I thank God I have not those strait ligaments, or narrow obligations to the world, as to dote on life, or be convulsed and tremble at the name of death. Not that I am insensible of the dread and horror thereof, or by raking into the bowels of the deceased, continual sight of anatomies, skeletons, or cadaverous relics, like vespilloes, or grave-makers, I am become stupid, or have forgot the apprehension of mortality; but that marshalling all the horrors, and contemplating the extremities thereof, I find not anything therein able to daunt the courage of a man, much less a well-resolved Christian. And therefore am not angry at the error of our first parents, or unwilling to bear a part of this common fate, and like the best of them to die, that is, to cease to breathe, to take a farewell of

the elements, to be a kind of nothing for a moment, to be within one instant of a spirit. When I take a full view and circle of myself, without this reasonable moderator and equal piece of justice, death, I do conceive myself the miserablest person extant. Were there not another life that I hope for, all the vanities of this world should not entreat a moment's breath for me; could the devil work my belief to imagine I could never die, I would not outlive that very thought; I have so abject a conceit of this common way of existence, this retaining to the sun and elements, I cannot think this is to be a man, or to live according to the dignity of humanity. In expectation of a better, I can with patience embrace this life, yet in my best meditations do often desire death. I honour any man that contemns it, nor can I highly love any that is afraid of it: this makes me naturally love a soldier, and honour those tattered and contemptible regiments that will die at the command of a sergeant. For a pagan there may be some motives to be in love with life; but for a Christian to be amazed at death, I see not how he can escape this dilemma, that he is too sensible of this life, or hopeless of the life to come.

Some divines count Adam thirty years old at his creation, because they suppose him created in the perfect age and stature of man. And surely we are all out of the computation of our age, and every man is some months older than he bethinks him; for we live, move, have a being, and are subject to the actions of the

elements, and the malice of diseases, in that other world, the truest microcosm, the womb of our mother. For besides that general and common existence we are conceived to hold in our chaos, and whilst we sleep within the bosom of our causes, we enjoy a being and life in three distinct worlds, wherein we receive most manifest graduations. In that obscure world and womb of our mother, our time is short, computed by the moon; yet longer than the days of many creatures that behold the sun, ourselves being not yet without life, sense, and reason; though for the manifestation of its actions, it awaits the opportunity of objects, and seems to live there but in its root and soul of vegetation. Entering afterwards upon the scene of the world, we arise up and become another creature, performing the reasonable actions of man, and obscurely manifesting that part of divinity in us, but not in complement and perfection till we have once more cast our secondine, that is, this slough of flesh, and are delivered into the last world, that is, that ineffable place of Paul, that proper *ubi* of spirits. The smattering I have of the philosopher's stone (which is something more than the perfect exaltation of gold) hath taught me a great deal of divinity, and instructed my belief, how that immortal spirit, and incorruptible substance of my soul may lie obscure, and sleep awhile within this house of flesh. Those strange and mystical transmigrations that I have observed in silk-worms, turned my philosophy into divinity. There is in these

works of nature, which seem to puzzle reason, something divine, and hath more in it than the eye of a common spectator doth discover.

I am naturally bashful, nor hath conversation, age, or travel been able to effront or enharden me; yet I have one part of modesty which I have seldom discovered in another, that is, (to speak truly,) I am not so much afraid of death, as ashamed thereof. It is the very disgrace and ignominy of our natures, that in a moment can so disfigure us, that our nearest friends, wife and children stand afraid and start at us. The birds and beasts of the field, that before in a natural fear obeyed us, forgetting all allegiance, begin to prey upon us. This very conceit hath in a tempest disposed and left me willing to be swallowed up in the abyss of waters; wherein I had perished unseen, unpitied, without wondering eyes, tears of pity, lectures of mortality, and none had said, *Quantum mutatus ab illo!* Not that I am ashamed of the anatomy of my parts, or can accuse nature for playing the bungler in any part of me, or my own vicious life for contracting any shameful disease upon me, whereby I might not call myself as wholesome a morsel for the worms as any.

Some, upon the courage of a fruitful issue, wherein, as in the truest chronicle, they seem to outlive themselves, can with greater patience away with death. This conceit and counterfeit subsisting in our progenies, seems to be a mere fallacy, unworthy the desires of a man, that can but conceive a thought of the next

world; who, in a nobler ambition should desire to live in his substance in heaven, rather than his name and shadow in the earth. And therefore at my death I mean to take a total adieu of the world, not caring for a monument, history, or epitaph, not so much as the memory of my name to be found anywhere, but in the universal register of God. I am not yet so cynical, as to approve the testament of Diogenes, nor do I altogether allow that rhodomontade of Lucan;

——Cœlo tegitur, qui non habet urnam.

He that unburied lies wants not his hearse,
For unto him a tomb 's the universe;

but commend, in my calmer judgment, those ingenuous intentions that desire to sleep by the urns of their fathers, and strive to go the nearest way unto corruption. I do not envy the temper of crows and daws, nor the numerous and weary days of our fathers before the flood. If there be any truth in astrology, I may outlive a jubilee. As yet I have not seen one revolution of Saturn, nor hath my pulse beat thirty years; and yet, excepting one, have seen the ashes, and left underground, all the kings of Europe; have been contemporary to three emperors, four grand signors, and as many popes. Methinks I have outlived myself, and begin to be weary of the sun; I have shaken hands with delight. In my warm blood and canicular days, I perceive I do anticipate the vices of age; the world to me is but a

dream or mock show, and we all therein but pantaloons and antics, to my severer contemplations.

It is not, I confess, an unlawful prayer to desire to surpass the days of our Saviour, or wish to outlive that age wherein he thought fittest to die; yet if (as divinity affirms) there shall be no grey hairs in heaven, but all shall rise in the perfect state of men, we do but outlive those perfections in this world, to be recalled unto them by a greater miracle in the next, and run on here but to be retrograde hereafter. Were there any hopes to outlive vice, or a point to be superannuated from sin, it were worthy our knees to implore the days of Methuselah. But age doth not rectify, but incurvate our natures, turning bad dispositions into worser habits, and (like diseases) bringing on incurable vices; for every day as we grow weaker in age, we grow stronger in sin; and the number of our days doth but make our sins innumerable. The same vice committed at sixteen, is not the same, though it agrees in all other circumstances, as at forty, but swells and doubles from that circumstance of our ages, wherein, besides the constant and inexcusable habit of transgressing, the maturity of our judgment cuts off pretence unto excuse or pardon; every sin the oftener it is committed, the more it acquireth in the quality of evil; as it succeeds in time, so it proceeds in degrees of badness; for as they proceed they ever multiply, and, like figures in arithmetic, the last stands for more than all that went before it.

And though I think no man can live well once, but he that could live twice, yet for my own part I would not live over my hours past, or begin again the thread of my days: not upon Cicero's ground, because I have lived them well, but for fear I should live them worse. I find my growing judgment daily instruct me how to be better, but my untamed affections and confirmed vitiosity makes me daily do worse. I find in my confirmed age the same sins I discovered in my youth; I committed many then because I was a child, and because I commit them still, I am yet an infant. Therefore I perceive a man may be twice a child before the days of dotage, and stand in need of Æson's bath before threescore.

And truly there goes a great deal of providence to produce a man's life unto threescore; there is more required than an able temper for those years; though the radical humour contain in it sufficient oil for seventy, yet I perceive in some it gives no light past thirty: men assign not all the causes of long life, that write whole books thereof. They that found themselves on the radical balsam, or vital sulphur of the parts, determine not why Abel lived not so long as Adam. There is therefore a secret glome or bottom of our days; it was His wisdom to determine them, but his perpetual and waking providence that fulfils and accomplishes them; wherein the spirits, ourselves, and all the creatures of God in a secret and disputed way do execute his will. Let them not therefore complain of immaturity

that die about thirty: they fall but like the whole world, whose solid and well-composed substance must not expect the duration and period of its constitution: when all things are completed in it, its age is accomplished; and the last and general fever may as naturally destroy it before six thousand, as me before forty. There is therefore some other hand that twines the thread of life than that of nature: we are not only ignorant in antipathies and occult qualities; our ends are as obscure as our beginnings; the line of our days is drawn by night, and the various effects therein by a pencil that is invisible; wherein, though we confess our ignorance, I am sure we do not err if we say it is the hand of God.

I am much taken with two verses of Lucan, since I have been able, not only as we do at school, to construe, but understand.

> Victurosque Dei celant ut vivere durent,
> Felix esse mori.
>
> We're all deluded, vainly searching ways
> To make us happy by the length of days;
> For cunningly to make's protract this breath,
> The gods conceal the happiness of death.

There be many excellent strains in that poet, wherewith his stoical genius hath liberally supplied him: and truly there are singular pieces in the philosophy of Zeno, and doctrine of the stoics, which I perceive, delivered in a pulpit, pass for current divinity. Yet herein are they in extremes, that can allow a man to be his

own assassin, and so highly extol the end and suicide of Cato; this is indeed not to fear death, but yet to be afraid of life. It is a brave act of valour to contemn death; but where life is more terrible than death, it is then the truest valour to dare to live; and herein religion hath taught us a noble example. For all the valiant acts of Curtius, Scævola, or Codrus, do not parallel or match that one of Job; and sure there is no torture to the rack of a disease, nor any poniards in death itself, like those in the way or prologue to it. *Emori nolo, sed me esse mortuum nihil curo*; I would not die, but care not to be dead. Were I of Cæsar's religion, I should be of his desires, and wish rather to go off at one blow, than to be sawed in pieces by the grating torture of a disease. Men that look no further than their outsides, think health an appurtenance unto life, and quarrel with their constitutions for being sick; but I that have examined the parts of man, and know upon what tender filaments that fabric hangs, do wonder that we are not always so; and considering the thousand doors that lead to death, do thank my God that we can die but once. It is not only the mischief of diseases, and villany of poisons, that make an end of us: we vainly accuse the fury of guns, and the new inventions of death; it is in the power of every hand to destroy us, and we are beholden unto every one we meet he doth not kill us. There is, therefore, but one comfort left, that though it be in the power of the weakest arm to take away life, it is not in the

strongest to deprive us of death: God would not exempt himself from that, the misery of immortality in the flesh; he undertook not that was immortal. Certainly there is no happiness within this circle of flesh, nor is it in the optics of these eyes to behold felicity; the first day of our jubilee is death; the devil hath therefore failed of his desires; we are happier with death, than we should have been without it. There is no misery but in himself, where there is no end of misery; and so indeed in his own sense, the stoic is in the right. He forgets that he can die who complains of misery; we are in the power of no calamity while death is in our own.

Now, besides this literal and positive kind of death, there are others whereof divines make mention, and those I think, not merely metaphorical, as mortification, dying unto sin and the world; therefore, I say, every man hath a double horoscope, one of his humanity, his birth; another of his Christianity, his baptism, and from this do I compute or calculate my nativity; not reckoning those *horæ combustæ* and odd days, or esteeming myself anything, before I was my Saviour's, and enrolled in the register of Christ: whosoever enjoys not this life, I count him but an apparition, though he wear about him the sensible affections of flesh. In these moral acceptions, the way to be immortal is to die daily; nor can I think I have the true theory of death, when I contemplate a skull, or behold a skeleton with those vulgar imaginations it casts upon us; I have therefore en-

larged that common *memento mori*, into a more Christian memorandum, *memento quatuor novissima*, those four inevitable points of us all, death, judgment, heaven, and hell. Neither did the contemplations of the heathens rest in their graves, without further thought of Rhadamanthos, or some judicial proceeding after death, though in another way, and upon suggestion of their natural reasons. I cannot but marvel from what sibyl or oracle they stole the prophecy of the world's destruction by fire, or whence Lucan learned to say,

> Communis mundo superest rogus, ossibus astra
> Misturus.——
>
> There yet remains to th' world one common fire,
> Wherein our bones with stars shall make one
> pyre.

I believe the world grows near its end, yet is neither old nor decayed, nor shall ever perish upon the ruins of its own principles. As the work of creation was above nature, so its adversary annihilation; without which the world hath not its end, but its mutation. Now what force should be able to consume it thus far, without the breath of God, which is the truest consuming flame, my philosophy cannot inform me. Some believe there went not a minute to the world's creation, nor shall there go to its destruction: those six days so punctually described, make not to them one moment, but rather seem to manifest the method and idea of the great work of the intellect of God, than

the manner how he proceeded in its operation. I cannot dream that there should be at the last day any such judicial proceeding, or calling to the bar, as indeed the Scripture seems to imply, and the literal commentators do conceive. For unspeakable mysteries in the Scriptures are often delivered in a vulgar and illustrative way; and being written unto man, are delivered, not as they truly are, but as they may be understood; wherein, notwithstanding the different interpretations, according to different capacities, may stand firm with our devotion, nor be any way prejudicial to each single edification.

Now, to determine the day and the year of this inevitable time, is not only convincible and statute madness, but also manifest impiety. How shall we interpret Elias's six thousand years, or imagine the secret communicated to a rabbi, which God hath denied unto his angels? It had been an excellent query to have posed the devil of Delphi, and must needs have forced him to some strange amphibology; it hath not only mocked the predictions of sundry astrologers in ages past, but the prophecies of many melancholy heads in these present, who neither understanding reasonably things past or present, pretend a knowledge of things to come; heads ordained only to manifest the incredible effects of melancholy, and to fulfil old prophecies, rather than be the authors of new. "In those days there shall come wars, and rumours of wars", to me seems no prophecy, but a constant truth, in all times verified

since it was pronounced. "There shall be signs in the moon and stars"; how comes he then like a thief in the night, when he gives an item of his coming? That common sign drawn from the revelation of Antichrist, is as obscure as any; in our common compute he hath been come these many years; but for my own part, to speak freely, I am half of opinion that Antichrist is the philosopher's stone in divinity; for the discovery and invention thereof, though there be prescribed rules, and probable inductions, yet hath hardly any man attained the perfect discovery thereof. That general opinion that the world grows near its end, hath possessed all ages past as nearly as ours; I am afraid that the souls that now depart, cannot escape that lingering expostulation of the saints under the altar, *Quousque Domine?* "How long, O Lord?" and groan in the expectation of that great jubilee.

This is the day that must make good that great attribute of God, his justice; that must reconcile those unanswerable doubts that torment the wisest understandings, and reduce those seeming inequalities, and respective distributions in this world, to an equality and recompensive justice in the next. This is that one day that shall include and comprehend all that went before it; wherein, as in the last scene, all the actors must enter, to complete and make up the catastrophe of this great piece. This is the day whose memory hath only power to make us honest in the dark, and to be virtuous without a witness. *Ipsa sui pretium virtus*

sibi, that virtue is her own reward, is but a cold principle, and not able to maintain our variable resolutions, in a constant and settled way of goodness. I have practised that honest artifice of Seneca, and in my retired and solitary imaginations, to detain me from the foulness of vice, have fancied to myself the presence of my dear and worthiest friends, before whom I would lose my head, rather than be vicious; yet herein I found that there was nought but moral honesty, and this was not to be virtuous for His sake, who must reward us at the last. I have tried if I could reach that great resolution of his, to be honest without a thought of heaven or hell; and indeed I found, upon a natural inclination, and inbred loyalty unto virtue, that I could serve her without a livery; yet not in that resolved and venerable way, but that the frailty of my nature, upon easy temptation, might be induced to forget her. The life, therefore, and spirit of all our actions, is the resurrection, and a stable apprehension that our ashes shall enjoy the fruit of our pious endeavours; without this, all religion is a fallacy, and those impieties of Lucian, Euripides, and Julian, are no blasphemies, but subtle verities, and atheists have been the only philosophers.

How shall the dead arise is no question of my faith; to believe only possibilities is not faith, but mere philosophy. Many things are true in divinity, which are neither inducible by reason, nor confirmable by sense; and many things in philosophy confirmable by sense, yet

not inducible by reason. Thus it is impossible, by any solid or demonstrative reasons, to persuade a man to believe the conversion of the needle to the north; though this be possible and true, and easily credible, upon a single experiment unto the sense. I believe that our estranged and divided ashes shall unite again; that our separated dust, after so many pilgrimages and transformations into the parts of minerals, plants, animals, elements, shall at the voice of God return into their primitive shapes, and join again to make up their primary and predestinate forms. As, at the creation, there was a separation of that confused mass into its pieces; so at the destruction thereof there shall be a separation into its distinct individuals. As, at the creation of the world, all the distinct species that we behold lay involved in one mass, till the fruitful voice of God separated this united multitude into its several species: so at the last day, when those corrupted relics shall be scattered in the wilderness of forms, and seem to have forgot their proper habits, God, by a powerful voice, shall command them back into their proper shapes, and call them out by their single individuals: then shall appear the fertility of Adam, and the magic of that sperm that hath dilated into so many millions. I have often beheld as a miracle that artificial resurrection and revivification of mercury, how being mortified into a thousand shapes, it assumes again its own, and returns into its numerical self. Let us speak naturally, and like philosophers. The forms

of alterable bodies in these sensible corruptions perish not; nor, as we imagine, wholly quit their mansions, but retire and contract themselves into their secret and unaccessible parts, where they may best protect themselves from the action of their antagonist. A plant or vegetable consumed to ashes to a contemplative and school-philosopher seems utterly destroyed, and the form to have taken his leave for ever: but to a sensible artist the forms are not perished, but withdrawn into their incombustible part, where they lie secure from the action of that devouring element. This is made good by experience, which can from the ashes of a plant revive the plant, and from its cinders recall it into its stalk and leaves again. What the art of man can do in these inferior pieces, what blasphemy is it to affirm the finger of God cannot do in those more perfect and sensible structures? This is that mystical philosophy from whence no true scholar becomes an atheist, but from the visible effects of nature grows up a real divine; and beholds, not in a dream, as Ezekiel, but in an ocular and visible object the types of his resurrection.

Now, the necessary mansions of our restored selves, are those two contrary and incompatible places we call heaven and hell; to define them, or strictly to determine what and where these are surpasseth my divinity. That elegant apostle which seemed to have a glimpse of heaven, hath left but a negative description thereof: "which neither eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard, nor can enter into the heart of man": he was

translated out of himself to behold it; but being returned into himself could not express it. St. John's description by emeralds, chrysolites, and precious stones, is too weak to express the material heaven we behold. Briefly, therefore, where the soul hath the full measure and complement of happiness; where the boundless appetite of that spirit remains completely satisfied, that it can neither desire addition nor alteration, that I think is truly heaven: and this can only be in the enjoyment of that essence, whose infinite goodness is able to terminate the desires of itself, and the insatiable wishes of ours; wherever God will thus manifest himself, there is heaven, though within the circle of this sensible world. Thus the soul of man may be in heaven anywhere, even within the limits of his own proper body; and when it ceaseth to live in the body it may remain in its own soul, that is, its Creator. And thus we may say that St. Paul, whether in the body, or out of the body, was yet in heaven. To place it in the empyreal, or beyond the tenth sphere, is to forget the world's destruction; for when this sensible world shall be destroyed, all shall then be here as it is now there, an empyreal heaven, a *quasi* vacuity; when to ask where heaven is, is to demand where the presence of God is, or where we have the glory of that happy vision. Moses, that was bred up in all the learning of the Egyptians, committed a gross absurdity in philosophy, when with these eyes of flesh he desired to see God, and petitioned his Maker, that is

truth itself, to a contradiction. Those that imagine heaven and hell neighbours, and conceive a vicinity between those two extremes, upon consequence of the parable, where Dives discoursed with Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, do too grossly conceive of those glorified creatures, whose eyes shall easily outsee the sun, and behold without a perspective the extremest distances: for if there shall be in our glorified eyes the faculty of sight and reception of objects, I could think the visible species there to be in as unlimitable a way as now the intellectual. I grant that two bodies placed beyond the tenth sphere, or in a vacuity, according to Aristotle's philosophy, could not behold each other, because there wants a body or medium to hand and transport the visible rays of the object unto the sense; but when there shall be a general defect of either medium to convey, or light to prepare and dispose that medium, and yet a perfect vision, we must suspend the rules of our philosophy, and make all good by a more absolute piece of optics.

I cannot tell how to say that fire is the essence of hell. I know not what to make of purgatory, or conceive a flame that can either prey upon, or purify the substance of a soul: those flames of sulphur mentioned in the Scriptures, I take not to be understood of this present hell, but of that to come, where fire shall make up the complement of our tortures, and have a body or subject wherein to manifest its tyranny. Some who have had the honour to be textuary in divinity, are of opinion it shall

be the same specifical fire with ours. This is hard to conceive, yet can I make good how even that may prey upon our bodies, and yet not consume us: for in this material world, there are bodies that persist invincible in the powerfulest flames; and though by the action of fire they fall into ignition and liquation, yet will they never suffer a destruction. I would gladly know how Moses, with an actual fire, calcined or burnt the golden calf into powder: for that mystical metal of gold, whose solary and celestial nature I admire, exposed unto the violence of fire, grows only hot and liquefies, but consumeth not: so when the consumable and volatile pieces of our bodies shall be refined into a more impregnable and fixed temper, like gold, though they suffer from the actions of flames, they shall never perish, but lie immortal in the arms of fire. And surely if this frame must suffer only by the action of this element, there will many bodies escape, and not only heaven but earth will not be at an end, but rather a beginning. For at present it is not earth, but a composition of fire, water, earth, and air; but at that time, spoiled of these ingredients, it shall appear in a substance more like itself, its ashes. Philosophers that opinioned the world's destruction by fire, did never dream of annihilation, which is beyond the power of sublunary causes; for the last action of that element is but vitrification, or a reduction of a body into glass; and therefore some of our chemists facetiously affirm, that at the last fire all shall be crystallized and reverberated into glass, which is the utmost

action of that element. Nor need we fear this term, annihilation, or wonder that God will destroy the works of his creation: for man subsisting, who is, and will then truly appear a microcosm, the world cannot be said to be destroyed. For the eyes of God, and perhaps also of our glorified selves, shall as really behold and contemplate the world in its epitome or contracted essence, as now it doth at large and in its dilated substance. In the seed of a plant, to the eyes of God, and to the understanding of man, there exists, though in an invisible way, the perfect leaves, flowers, and fruit thereof: (for things that are *in posse* to the sense, are actually existent to the understanding). Thus God beholds all things, who contemplates as fully his works in their epitome, as in their full volume; and beheld as amply the whole world in that little compendium of the sixth day, as in the scattered and dilated pieces of those five before.

Men commonly set forth the torments of hell by fire, and the extremity of corporeal afflictions, and describe hell in the same method that Mahomet doth heaven. This indeed makes a noise, and drums in popular ears: but if this be the terrible piece thereof, it is not worthy to stand in diameter with heaven, whose happiness consists in that part that is best able to comprehend it, that immortal essence, that translated divinity and colony of God, the soul. Surely, though we place hell under earth, the devil's walk and purlieu is about it: men speak too popularly who place it in those flaming

mountains, which to grosser apprehensions represent hell. The heart of man is the place the devils dwell in: I feel sometimes a hell within myself; Lucifer keeps his court in my breast; Legion is revived in me. There are as many hells as Anaxagoras conceited worlds: there was more than one hell in Magdalene, when there were seven devils; for every devil is a hell unto himself: he holds enough of torture in his own *ubi*, and needs not the misery of circumference to afflict him. And thus, a distracted conscience here is a shadow or introduction unto hell hereafter. Who can but pity the merciful intention of those hands that do destroy themselves? The devil, were it in his power, would do the like; which being impossible, his miseries are endless, and he suffers most in that attribute wherein he is impassible—his immortality.

I thank God that (with joy I mention it) I was never afraid of hell, nor never grew pale at the description of that place: I have so fixed my contemplations on heaven that I have almost forgot the idea of hell, and am afraid rather to lose the joys of the one, than endure the misery of the other—to be deprived of them is a perfect hell, and needs, methinks, no addition to complete our afflictions: that terrible term hath never detained me from sin, nor do I owe any good action to the name thereof. I fear God, yet am not afraid of him; his mercies make me ashamed of my sins, before his judgments afraid thereof. These are the forced and secondary methods of his wisdom, which he useth but as

the last remedy, and upon provocation; a course rather to deter the wicked, than incite the virtuous to his worship. I can hardly think there was ever any scared into heaven: they go the fairest way to heaven that would serve God without a hell. Other mercenaries that crouch unto him, in fear of hell, though they term themselves the servants, are indeed but the slaves of the Almighty.

And, to be true, and speak my soul, when I survey the occurrences of my life, and call into account the finger of God, I can perceive nothing but an abyss and mass of mercies, either in general to mankind, or in particular to myself: and whether out of the prejudice of my affection, or an inverting and partial conceit of his mercies, I know not; but those which others term crosses, afflictions, judgments, misfortunes, to me, who inquire further into them than their visible effects, they both appear, and in event have ever proved the secret and dissembled favours of his affection. It is a singular piece of wisdom to apprehend truly, and without passion, the works of God; and so well to distinguish his justice from his mercy, as not to miscall those noble attributes: yet it is likewise an honest piece of logic, so to dispute and argue the proceedings of God, as to distinguish even his judgments into mercies. For God is merciful unto all, because better to the worst than the best deserve; and to say he punisheth none in this world, though it be a paradox, is no absurdity. To one that hath committed murder, if the judge should only ordain a fine, it were

a madness to call this a punishment, and to repine at the sentence rather than admire the clemency of the judge. Thus our offences being mortal, and deserving not only death, but damnation; if the goodness of God be content to traverse and pass them over with a loss, misfortune, or disease, what frenzy were it to term this a punishment, rather than an extremity of mercy; and to groan under the rod of his judgments, rather than admire the sceptre of his mercies! Therefore to adore, honour, and admire him is a debt of gratitude due from the obligation of our nature, states, and conditions; and with these thoughts, he that knows them best will not deny that I adore him. That I obtain heaven, and the bliss thereof, is accidental, and not the intended work of my devotion; it being a felicity I can neither think to deserve, nor scarce in modesty to expect. For those two ends of us all, either as rewards or punishments, are mercifully ordained and disproportionably disposed unto our actions; the one being so far beyond our deserts, the other so infinitely below our demerits.

There is no salvation to those that believe not in Christ, that is, say some, since his nativity, and as divinity affirmeth, before also; which makes me much apprehend the ends of those honest worthies and philosophers which died before his incarnation. It is hard to place those souls in hell whose worthy lives do teach us virtue on earth: methinks amongst those many subdivisions of hell, there might have been one limbo left for these. What a strange

vision will it be to see their poetical fictions converted into verities, and their imagined and fancied furies into real devils! How strange to them will sound the history of Adam, when they shall suffer for him they never heard of! When they who derive their genealogy from the gods, shall know they are the unhappy issue of sinful man! It is an insolent part of reason to controvert the works of God, or question the justice of his proceedings. Could humility teach others, as it hath instructed me, to contemplate the infinite and incomprehensible distance betwixt the Creator and the creature; or did we seriously perpend that one simile of St. Paul, "Shall the vessel say to the potter, Why hast thou made me thus?" it would prevent these arrogant disputes of reason, nor would we argue the definitive sentence of God, either to heaven, or hell. Men that live according to the right rule and law of reason, live but in their own kind, as beasts do in theirs; who justly obey the prescript of their natures, and therefore cannot reasonably demand a reward of their actions, as only obeying the natural dictates of their reason. It will therefore, and must at last appear, that all salvation is through Christ: which verity I fear these great examples of virtue must confirm, and make it good, how the perfectest actions of earth have no title or claim unto heaven.

Nor truly do I think the lives of these, or of any other were ever correspondent, or in all points conformable unto their doctrines. It is evident that Aristotle transgressed the rule of

his own ethics. The stoics that condemn passion, and command a man to laugh in Phalaris's bull, could not endure without a groan a fit of the stone or cholic. The sceptics, that affirmed they knew nothing, even in that opinion confute themselves, and thought they knew more than all the world beside. Diogenes, I hold to be the most vain-glorious man of his time, and more ambitious in refusing all honours, than Alexander in rejecting none. Vice and the devil put a fallacy upon our reasons, and provoking us too hastily to run from it, entangle and profound us deeper in it. The Duke of Venice, that weds himself unto the sea by a ring of gold, I will not argue of prodigality, because it is a solemnity of good use and consequence in the state: but the philosopher that threw his money into the sea to avoid avarice, was a notorious prodigal. There is no road or ready way to virtue; it is not an easy point of art to disentangle ourselves from this riddle or web of sin. To perfect virtue, as to religion, there is required a panoply or complete armour: that whilst we lie at close ward against one vice, we lie not open to the veney of another. And indeed wiser discretions, that have the thread of reason to conduct them, offend without pardon; whereas, under-heads may stumble without dishonour. There go so many circumstances to piece up one good action, that it is a lesson to be good, and we are forced to be virtuous by the book. Again, the practice of men holds not an equal pace, yea, and often runs counter to their theory; we naturally

know what is good, but naturally pursue what is evil: the rhetoric wherewith I persuade another cannot persuade myself; there is a depraved appetite in us, that will with patience hear the learned instructions of reason, but yet perform no further than agrees to its own irregular humour. In brief, we all are monsters, that is, a composition of man and beast; wherein we must endeavour to be as the poets fancy that wise man Chiron, that is to have the region of man above that of beast, and sense to sit but at the feet of reason. Lastly, I do desire with God, that all, but yet affirm with men, that few shall know salvation; that the bridge is narrow, the passage strait unto life: yet those who do confine the church of God, either to particular nations, churches, or families, have made it far narrower than our Saviour ever meant it.

The vulgarity of those judgments that wrap the church of God in Strabo's cloak, and restrain it unto Europe, seem to me as bad geographers as Alexander, who thought he had conquered all the world, when he had not subdued the half of any part thereof. For we cannot deny the church of God both in Asia and Africa, if we do not forget the peregrinations of the apostles, the deaths of the martyrs, the sessions of many, and, even in our reformed judgment, lawful councils, held in those parts in the minority and nonage of ours. Nor must a few differences, more remarkable in the eyes of man than perhaps in the judgment of God, excommunicate from heaven one another, much

less those Christians who are in a manner all martyrs, maintaining their faith, in the noble way of persecution, and serving God in the fire, whereas we honour him in the sunshine. It is true we all hold there is a number of elect, and many to be saved; yet take our opinions together, and from the confusion thereof there will be no such thing as salvation, nor shall any one be saved. For first, the church of Rome condemneth us, we likewise them; the sub-reformists and sectaries sentence the doctrine of our church as damnable; the atomist, or familist, reprobates all these; and all these them again. Thus, whilst the mercies of God do promise us heaven, our conceits and opinions exclude us from that place. There must be therefore more than one St. Peter. Particular churches and sects usurp the gates of heaven, and turn the key against each other: and thus we go to heaven against each other's wills, conceits, and opinions, and, with as much uncharity as ignorance, do err, I fear, in points not only of our own, but one another's salvation.

I believe many are saved, who to man seem reprobated; and many are reprobated, who in the opinion and sentence of man stand elected. There will appear at the last day strange and unexpected examples, both of his justice and his mercy; and therefore to define either is folly in man, and insolency even in the devils. Those acute and subtle spirits, in all their sagacity, can hardly divine who shall be saved; which if they could prognosticate, their labour were at an end; nor need they compass the

earth, seeking whom they may devour. Those who, upon a rigid application of the law, sentence Solomon unto damnation, condemn not only him but themselves, and the whole world; for by the letter, and written word of God, we are, without exception, in the state of death; but there is a prerogative of God, and an arbitrary pleasure above the letter of his own law, by which alone we can pretend unto salvation, and through which Solomon might be as easily saved as those who condemn him.

The number of those who pretend unto salvation, and those infinite swarms who think to pass through the eye of this needle, have much amazed me. That name and compellation of "little flock", doth not comfort but deject my devotion, especially when I reflect upon mine own unworthiness, wherein, according to my humble apprehensions, I am below them all. I believe there shall never be an anarchy in heaven; but as there are hierarchies amongst the angels, so shall there be degrees of priority amongst the saints. Yet it is, I protest, beyond my ambition to aspire unto the first ranks; my desires only are, and I shall be happy therein, to be but the last man, and bring up the rear in heaven.

Again, I am confident, and fully persuaded, yet dare not take my oath, of my salvation. I am as it were sure, and do believe without all doubt, that there is such a city as Constantinople; yet for me to take my oath thereon were a kind of perjury, because I hold no infallible warrant from my own sense to confirm me in the cer-

tainty thereof. And truly, though many pretend an absolute certainty of their salvation, yet when a humble soul shall contemplate our own unworthiness, she shall meet with many doubts, and suddenly find how little we stand in need of the precept of St. Paul, "Work out your salvation with fear and trembling". That which is the cause of my election, I hold to be the cause of my salvation, which was the mercy and beneplacet of God, before I was, or the foundation of the world. "Before Abraham was, I am", is the saying of Christ; yet is it true in some sense, if I say it of myself; for I was not only before myself, but Adam, that is, in the idea of God, and the decree of that synod held from all eternity. And in this sense, I say, the world was before the creation, and at the end before it had a beginning; and thus was I dead before I was alive; though my grave be England, my dying place was paradise: and Eve miscarried of me before she conceived of Cain.

Insolent zeals that do decry good works, and rely only upon faith, take not away merit; for depending upon the efficacy of their faith, they enforce the condition of God, and in a more sophistical way do seem to challenge heaven. It was decreed by God, that only those that lapped in the water like dogs should have the honour to destroy the Midianites; yet could none of those justly challenge or imagine he deserved that honour thereupon. I do not deny but that true faith, and such as God requires, is not only a mark or token, but also

a means of our salvation; but where to find this is as obscure to me as my last end. And if our Saviour could object unto his own disciples and favourites, a faith that, to the quantity of a grain of mustard-seed, is able to remove mountains, surely that which we boast of is not anything, or at the most but a remove from nothing. This is the tenor of my belief; wherein, though there be many things singular, and to the humour of my irregular self, yet if they square not with maturer judgments I disclaim them, and do no further favour them, than the learned and best judgments shall authorize them.

PART II

Now for that other virtue of charity, without which faith is a mere notion, and of no existence. I have ever endeavoured to nourish the merciful disposition and humane inclination I borrowed from my parents, and regulate it to the written and prescribed laws of charity; and if I hold the true anatomy of myself, I am delineated and naturally framed to such a piece of virtue. For I am of a constitution so general that it comports and sympathizeth with all things; I have no antipathy, or rather idiosyncrasy, in diet, humour, air, anything. I wonder not at the French for their dishes of frogs, snails, and toad-stools; nor at the Jews for locusts and grasshoppers; but being amongst them, make them my common viands; and I find them agree with my stomach as well as theirs. I could digest a salad gathered in a churchyard as well as in a garden. I cannot start at the presence of a serpent, scorpion, lizard, or salamander: at the sight of a toad or viper I find in me no desire to take up a stone to destroy them. I feel not in myself those common antipathies that I can discover in others. Those national repugnances do not touch me, nor do I behold with prejudice

the French, Italian, Spaniard, and Dutch; but where I find their actions in balance with my countrymen's, I honour, love, and embrace them in some degree. I was born in the eighth climate, but seem to be framed and constellated unto all. I am no plant that will not prosper out of a garden: all places, all airs make unto me one country—I am in England everywhere, and under any meridian. I have been shipwrecked, yet am not enemy with the sea or winds. I can study, play, or sleep in a tempest. In brief, I am averse from nothing: my conscience would give me the lie if I should absolutely detest or hate any essence but the devil; or so at least abhor anything, but that we might come to composition. If there be any among those common objects of hatred I do contemn and laugh at, it is that great enemy of reason, virtue, and religion, the multitude; that numerous piece of monstrosity, which taken asunder seem men, and the reasonable creatures of God; but confused together, make but one great beast, and a monstrosity more prodigious than hydra. It is no breach of charity to call these fools; it is the style all holy writers have afforded them, set down by Solomon in canonical Scripture, and a point of our faith to believe so. Neither in the name of multitude do I only include the base and minor sort of people; there is a rabble even amongst the gentry, a sort of plebeian heads, whose fancy moves with the same wheel as these; men in the same level with mechanics, though their fortunes do somewhat gild their

infirmities, and their purses compound for their follies. But as in casting account, three or four men together come short in account of one man placed by himself below them; so neither are a troop of these ignorant Doradoes, of that true esteem and value as many a forlorn person, whose condition doth place him below their feet. Let us speak like politicians, there is a nobility without heraldry, a natural dignity, whereby one man is ranked with another; another filed before him, according to the quality of his desert and pre-eminence of his good parts, though the corruption of these times and the bias of present practice wheel another way. Thus it was in the first and primitive commonwealths, and is yet in the integrity and cradle of well-ordered polities, till corruption getteth ground, ruder desires labouring after that which wiser considerations contemn; everyone having a liberty to amass and heap up riches, and they a license or faculty to do or purchase anything.

This general and indifferent temper of mine doth more nearly dispose me to this noble virtue. It is a happiness to be born and framed unto virtue, and to grow up from the seeds of nature, rather than the inoculation and forced graffs of education: yet if we are directed only by our particular natures, and regulate our inclinations by no higher rule than that of our reasons, we are but moralists; divinity will still call us heathens, therefore this great work of charity must have other motives, ends, and impulsions. I give no

alms only to satisfy the hunger of my brother, but to fulfil and accomplish the will and command of my God; I draw not my purse for his sake that demands it, but his that enjoined it; I relieve no man upon the rhetoric of his miseries, nor to content mine own commiserating disposition: for this is still but moral charity, and an act that oweth more to passion than reason. He that relieves another upon the bare suggestion and bowels of pity, doth not this so much for his sake as for his own; for by compassion we make others' misery our own, and so by relieving them we relieve ourselves also. It is as erroneous a conceit to redress other men's misfortunes upon the common considerations of merciful natures, that it may be one day our own case; for this is a sinister and politic kind of charity, whereby we seem to bespeak the pities of men in the like occasions; and truly I have observed that those professed eleemosynaries, though in a crowd or multitude, do yet direct and place their petitions on a few and selected persons: there is surely a physiognomy, which those experienced and master mendicants observe, whereby they instantly discover a merciful aspect, and will single out a face wherein they spy the signatures and marks of mercy; for there are mystically in our faces certain characters which carry in them the motto of our souls, wherein he that can read A B C may read our natures. I hold, moreover, that there is a phytognomy, or physiognomy, not only of men, but of plants and vegetables, and in every one of them some

outward figures which hang as signs or bushes of their inward forms. The finger of God hath left an inscription upon all his works, not graphical, or composed of letters, but of their several forms, constitutions, parts, and operations, which aptly joined together do make one word that doth express their natures. By these letters God calls the stars by their names; and by this alphabet Adam assigned to every creature a name peculiar to its nature. Now there are, besides these characters in our faces, certain mystical figures in our hands, which I dare not call mere dashes, strokes *à la volée*, or at random, because delineated by a pencil that never works in vain; and hereof I take more particular notice, because I carry that in mine own hand which I could never read of nor discover in another. Aristotle, I confess, in his acute and singular book of physiognomy, hath made no mention of chiromancy; yet I believe the Egyptians, who were nearer addicted to these abstruse and mystical sciences, had a knowledge therein; to which those vagabond and counterfeit Egyptians did after pretend, and perhaps retained a few corrupted principles, which sometimes might verify their prognostics.

It is the common wonder of all men, how among so many millions of faces there should be none alike; now, contrary, I wonder as much how there should be any. He that shall consider how many thousand several words have been carelessly and without study composed out of twenty-four letters; withal,

how many hundred lines there are to be drawn in the fabric of one man, shall easily find that this variety is necessary: and it will be very hard that they shall so concur, as to make one portrait like another. Let a painter carelessly limn out a million of faces, and you shall find them all different; yea, let him have his copy before him, yet after all his art there will remain a sensible distinction; for the pattern or example of everything is the perfectest in that kind, whereof we still come short, though we transcend or go beyond it, because herein it is wide, and agrees not in all points unto the copy. Nor doth the similitude of creatures disparage the variety of nature, nor any way confound the works of God. For even in things alike there is diversity, and those that do seem to accord do manifestly disagree. And thus is man like God; for in the same things that we resemble him, we are utterly different from him. There was never anything so like another as in all points to concur; there will ever some reserved difference slip in to prevent the identity, without which two several things would not be alike, but the same, which is impossible.

But to return from philosophy to charity: I hold not so narrow a conceit of this virtue as to conceive that to give alms is only to be charitable, or think a piece of liberality can comprehend the total of charity. Divinity hath wisely divided the acts thereof into many branches, and hath taught us in this narrow way many paths unto goodness: as many ways

as we may do good, so many ways we may be charitable; there are infirmities, not only of body but of soul and fortunes, which do require the merciful hand of our abilities. I cannot contemn a man for ignorance, but behold him with as much pity as I do Lazarus. It is no greater charity to clothe his body, than apparel the nakedness of his soul. It is an honourable object to see the reasons of other men wear our liveries, and their borrowed understandings do homage to the bounty of ours. It is the cheapest way of beneficence, and like the natural charity of the sun, illuminates another without obscuring itself. To be reserved and caitiff in this part of goodness is the sordidest piece of covetousness, and more contemptible than pecuniary avarice. To this (as calling myself a scholar) I am obliged by the duty of my condition: I make not, therefore, my head, a grave, but a treasure of knowledge; I intend no monopoly, but a community in learning; I study not for my own sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves. I envy no man that knows more than myself, but pity them that know less. I instruct no man as an exercise of my knowledge, or with an intent rather to nourish and keep it alive in mine own head, than beget and propagate it in his; and in the midst of all my endeavours there is but one thought that dejects me, that my acquired parts must perish with myself, nor can be legacied among my honoured friends. I cannot fall out, or contemn a man for an error, or conceive why a difference in opinion

should divide an affection: for controversies, disputes, and argumentations, both in philosophy and in divinity, if they meet with discreet and peaceable natures, do not infringe the laws of charity: in all disputes, so much as there is of passion, so much there is of nothing to the purpose; for then reason, like a bad hound, spends upon a false scent, and forsakes the question first started. And this is one reason why controversies are never determined; for though they be amply proposed, they are scarce at all handled, they do so swell with unnecessary digressions; and the parenthesis on the party is often as large as the main discourse upon the subject. The foundations of religion are already established, and the principles of salvation subscribed unto by all; there remain not many controversies worth a passion, and yet never any disputed without, not only in divinity, but inferior arts: what a βατραχομυομαχία and hot skirmish is betwixt S. and T. in Lucian; how do grammarians hack and slash for the genitive case in Jupiter! How do they break their own pates to salve that of Priscian! *Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus.* Yea, even amongst wiser militants, how many wounds have been given, and credits slain, for the poor victory of an opinion, or beggarly conquest of a distinction! Scholars are men of peace, they bear no arms, but their tongues are sharper than Actius's razor; their pens carry further, and give a louder report than thunder: I had rather stand the shock of a basilisco, than the fury of a merciless pen.

It is not mere zeal to learning, or devotion to the muses, that wiser princes patronize the arts and carry an indulgent aspect unto scholars; but a desire to have their names eternized by the memory of their writings, and a fear of the revengeful pen of succeeding ages: for these are the men, that when they have played their parts, and had their exits, must step out and give the moral of their scenes, and deliver unto posterity an inventory of their virtues and vices. And surely there goes a great deal of conscience to the compiling of a history: there is no reproach to the scandal of a story; it is such an authentic kind of falsehood, that with authority belies our good names to all nations and posterity.

There is another offence unto charity, which no author hath ever written of, and few take notice of; and that is the reproach, not of whole professions, mysteries, and conditions, but of whole nations; wherein by opprobrious epithets we miscall each other, and by an uncharitable logic, from a disposition in a few, conclude a habit in all.

> Le mutin Anglois, et le bravache Ecossois;
> Le bougre Italien, et le fol François;
> Le poltron Romain, le larron de Gascogne,
> L'Espagnol superbe, et l'Alleman yvrogne.

St. Paul, that calls the Cretans liars, doth it but indirectly, and upon quotation of their own poet. It is as bloody a thought in one way as Nero's was in another. For by a word we wound a thousand, and at one blow assassinate

the honour of a nation. It is as complete a piece of madness to miscall and rave against the times, or think to recall men to reason by a fit of passion. Democritus, that thought to laugh the times into goodness, seems to me as deeply hypochondriac, as Heraclitus that bewailed them. It moves not my spleen to behold the multitude in their proper humours, that is, in their fits of folly and madness, as well understanding that wisdom is not profaned unto the world, and it is the privilege of a few to be virtuous. They that endeavour to abolish vice destroy also virtue, for contraries, though they destroy one another, are yet in life of one another. Thus virtue (abolish vice) is an idea: again, the community of sin doth not disparage goodness: for when vice gains upon the major part, virtue, in whom it remains, becomes more excellent: and being lost in some, multiplies its goodness in others, which remain untouched, and persist entire in the general inundation. I can therefore behold vice without a satire, content only with an admonition, or instructive reprehension; for noble natures, and such as are capable of goodness, are railed into vice, that might as easily be admonished into virtue; and we should be all so far the orators of goodness as to protect her from the power of vice, and maintain the cause of injured truth. No man can justly censure or condemn another, because indeed no man truly knows another. This I perceive in myself; for I am in the dark to all the world, and my nearest friends behold me but in a cloud: those that know me

but superficially, think less of me than I do of myself; those of my near acquaintance think more. God, who truly knows me, knows that I am nothing; for he only beholds me, and all the world; who looks not on us through a derived ray, or a trajection of a sensible species, but beholds the substance without the helps of accidents, and the forms of things, as we their operations. Further no man can judge another, because no man knows himself; for we censure others but as they disagree from that humour which we fancy laudable in ourselves, and commend others but for that wherein they seem to quadrate and consent with us. So that in conclusion, all is but that we all condemn, self-love. It is the general complaint of these times, and perhaps of those past, that charity grows cold; which I perceive most verified in those which most do manifest the fires and flames of zeal; for it is a virtue that best agrees with coldest natures, and such as are complexioned for humility. But how shall we expect charity towards others, when we are uncharitable to ourselves? Charity begins at home, is the voice of the world; yet is every man his greatest enemy, and, as it were, his own executioner. *Non occides* is the commandment of God, yet scarce observed by any man; for I perceive every man is his own Atropos, and lends a hand to cut the thread of his own days. Cain was not therefore the first murderer, but Adam, who brought in death; whereof he beheld the practice and example in his own son Abel, and saw that verified in the experience of

another, which faith could not persuade him in the theory of himself.

There is, I think, no man that apprehends his own miseries less than myself, and no man that so nearly apprehends another's. I could lose an arm without a tear, and with few groans, methinks, be quartered into pieces; yet can I weep most seriously at a play, and receive with true passion the counterfeit grief of those known and professed impostures. It is a barbarous part of inhumanity to add unto any afflicted party's misery, or endeavour to multiply in any man a passion whose single nature is already above his patience: this was the greatest affliction of Job; and those oblique expostulations of his friends, a deeper injury than the downright blows of the devil. It is not the tears of our own eyes only, but of our friends also, that do exhaust the current of our sorrows; which falling into many streams, runs more peaceably, and is contented with a narrower channel. It is an act within the power of charity, to translate a passion out of one breast into another, and to divide a sorrow almost out of itself; for an affliction, like a dimension, may be so divided, as if not invisible, at least to become insensible. Now, with my friend I desire not to share or participate, but to engross his sorrows, that by making them mine own, I may more easily discuss them; for in mine own reason, and within myself, I can command that which I cannot entreat without myself, and within the circle of another. I have often thought those noble pairs and ex-

amples of friendship not so truly histories of what had been, as fictions of what should be; but I now perceive nothing in them but possibilities, nor anything in the heroic examples of Damon and Pythias, Achilles and Patroclus, which methinks upon some grounds I could not perform within the narrow compass of myself. That a man should lay down his life for his friend seems strange to vulgar affections, and such as confine themselves within that worldly principle, Charity begins at home. For my own part, I could never remember the relations that I hold unto myself, nor the respect that I owe unto my own nature, in the cause of God, my country, and my friends. Next to these three I do embrace myself: I confess I do not observe that order that the schools ordain our affections, to love our parents, wives, children, and then our friends; for excepting the injunctions of religion, I do not find in myself such a necessary and indissoluble sympathy to all those of my blood. I hope I do not break the fifth commandment, if I conceive I may love my friend before the nearest of my blood, even those to whom I owe the principles of life. I never yet cast a true affection on a woman, but I have loved my friend as I do virtue, my soul, my God. From hence methinks I do conceive how God loves man, what happiness there is in the love of God. Omitting all other, there are three most mystical unions; two natures in one person; three persons in one nature; one soul in two bodies. For though, indeed, they be really divided, yet

are they so united, as they seem but one, and make rather a duality than two distinct souls.

There are wonders in true affection; it is a body of enigmas, mysteries, and riddles; wherein two so become one, as they both become two. I love my friend before myself, and yet methinks I do not love him enough. Some few months hence, my multiplied affection will make me believe I have not loved him at all: when I am from him, I am dead till I be with him; when I am with him, I am not satisfied, but would still be nearer him. United souls are not satisfied with embraces, but desire to be truly each other; which being impossible, their desires are infinite, and proceed without a possibility of satisfaction. Another misery there is in affection, that whom we truly love like our own, we forget their looks, nor can our memory retain the idea of their faces; and it is no wonder: for they are ourselves, and our affection makes their looks our own. This noble affection falls not on vulgar and common constitutions, but on such as are marked for virtue. He that can love his friend with this noble ardour, will, in a competent degree, affect all. Now, if we can bring our affections to look beyond the body, and cast an eye upon the soul, we have found the true object, not only of friendship, but charity; and the greatest happiness that we can bequeath the soul, is that wherein we all do place our last felicity, salvation; which, though it be not in our power to bestow, it is in our charity, and pious invocations to desire, if not procure

and further. I cannot contentedly frame a prayer for myself in particular, without a catalogue for my friends; nor request a happiness wherein my sociable disposition doth not desire the fellowship of my neighbour. I never heard the toll of a passing-bell, though in my mirth, without my prayers and best wishes for the departing spirit. I cannot go to cure the body of my patient, but I forget my profession, and call unto God for his soul. I cannot see one say his prayers, but instead of imitating him, I fall into a supplication for him, who, perhaps, is no more to me than a common nature: and if God hath vouchsafed an ear to my supplications, there are surely many happy that never saw me, and enjoy the blessing of my unknown devotions. To pray for enemies, that is, for their salvation, is no harsh precept, but the practice of our daily and ordinary devotions. I cannot believe the story of the Italian: our bad wishes and uncharitable desires proceed no further than this life; it is the devil, and the uncharitable votes of hell, that desire our misery in the world to come.

To do no injury, nor take none, was a principle, which to my former years, and impatient affections, seemed to contain enough of morality; but my more settled years, and Christian constitution, have fallen upon severer resolutions. I can hold there is no such thing as injury; that if there be, there is no such injury as revenge, and no such revenge as the contempt of an injury; that to hate another, is to malign himself; that the truest way to love another, is

to despise ourselves. I were unjust unto mine own conscience, if I should say I am at variance with anything like myself. I find there are many pieces in this one fabric of man; this frame is raised upon a mass of antipathies. I am one, methinks, but as the world; wherein, notwithstanding, there are a swarm of distinct essences, and in them another world of contrarieties; we carry private and domestic enemies within, public and more hostile adversaries without. The devil, that did but buffet St. Paul, plays, methinks, at sharp with me. Let me be nothing, if within the compass of myself, I do not find the battle of Lepanto, passion against reason, reason against faith, faith against the devil, and my conscience against all. There is another man within me, that is angry with me, rebukes, commands, and dastards me. I have no conscience of marble, to resist the hammer of more heavy offences; nor yet too soft and waxen, as to take the impression of each single peccadillo or scape of infirmity. I am of a strange belief, that it is as easy to be forgiven some sins, as to commit some others. For my original sin, I hold it to be washed away in my baptism; for my actual transgressions, I compute and reckon with God, but from my last repentance, sacrament, or general absolution; and therefore am not terrified with the sins or madness of my youth. I thank the goodness of God, I have no sins that want a name: I am not singular in offences; my transgressions are epidemical, and from the common breath of our corruption.

For there are certain tempers of body, which matched with a humorous depravity of mind, do hatch and produce vitiosities, whose newness and monstrosity of nature admits no name; this was the temper of that lecher that carnalled with a statue, and constitution of Nero in his spintrian recreations: for the heavens are not only fruitful in new and unheard-of stars, the earth in plants and animals; but men's minds also in villany and vices. Now the dulness of my reason, and the vulgarity of my disposition, never prompted my invention, nor solicited my affection unto any of those; yet even those common and quotidian infirmities that so necessarily attend me, and do seem to be my very nature, have so dejected me, so broken the estimation that I should have otherwise of myself, that I repute myself the most abject piece of mortality. Divines prescribe a fit of sorrow to repentance; there goes indignation, anger, sorrow, hatred, into mine; passions of a contrary nature, which neither seem to suit with this action, nor my proper constitution. It is no breach of charity to ourselves, to be at variance with our vices; nor to abhor that part of us, which is an enemy to the ground of charity, our God; wherein we do but imitate our great selves, the world, whose divided antipathies, and contrary faces do yet carry a charitable regard unto the whole by their particular discords, preserving the common harmony, and keeping in fetters those powers, whose rebellions once masters, might be the ruin of all.

I thank God, amongst those millions of vices I do inherit and hold from Adam, I have escaped one, and that a mortal enemy to charity, the first and father-sin, not only of man, but of the devil—pride; a vice whose name is comprehended in a monosyllable, but in its nature not circumscribed with a world. I have escaped it in a condition that can hardly avoid it. Those petty acquisitions and reputed perfections that advance and elevate the conceits of other men, add no feathers unto mine. I have seen a grammarian tower and plume himself over a single line in Horace, and show more pride in the construction of one ode, than the author in the composure of the whole book. For my own part, besides the jargon and patois of several provinces, I understand no less than six languages; yet I protest I have no higher conceit of myself than had our fathers before the confusion of Babel, when there was but one language in the world, and none to boast himself either linguist or critic. I have not only seen several countries, beheld the nature of their climes, the chorography of their provinces, topography of their cities, but understood their several laws, customs, and policies; yet cannot all this persuade the dulness of my spirit unto such an opinion of myself, as I behold in nimbler and conceited heads, that never looked a degree beyond their nests. I know the names, and somewhat more, of all the constellations in my horizon; yet I have seen a prating mariner, that could only name the pointers and the north star, out-talk me, and

conceit himself a whole sphere above me. I know most of the plants of my country, and of those about me; yet, methinks I do not know so many as when I did but know a hundred, and had scarcely ever simpled further than Cheapside. For indeed, heads of capacity, and such as are not full with a handful, or easy measure of knowledge, think they know nothing, till they know all; which being impossible, they fall upon the opinion of Socrates, and only know they know not anything. I cannot think that Homer pined away upon the riddle of the fisherman, or, that Aristotle, who understood the uncertainty of knowledge, and confessed so often the reason of man too weak for the works of nature, did ever drown himself upon the flux and reflux of the Euripus. We do but learn to-day, what our better advanced judgments will unteach to-morrow: and Aristotle doth but instruct us, as Plato did him; that is, to confute himself. I have run through all sorts, yet find no rest in any: though our first studies and junior endeavours may style us peripatetics, stoics, or academics, yet I perceive the wisest heads prove, at last, almost all sceptics, and stand like Janus in the field of knowledge. I have therefore one common and authentic philosophy I learned in the schools, whereby I discourse and satisfy the reason of other men; another more reserved, and drawn from experience, whereby I content mine own. Solomon, that complained of ignorance in the height of knowledge, hath not only humbled my conceits, but discouraged my endeavours.

There is yet another conceit that hath sometimes made me shut my books, which tells me it is a vanity to waste our days in the blind pursuit of knowledge; it is but attending a little longer, and we shall enjoy that by instinct and infusion, which we endeavour at here by labour and inquisition. It is better to sit down in a modest ignorance, and rest contented with the natural blessing of our own reasons, than buy the uncertain knowledge of this life, with sweat and vexation, which death gives every fool gratis, and is an accessary of our glorification.

I was never yet once [married], and commend their resolutions who never marry twice: not that I disallow of second marriage; as neither in all cases of polygamy, which, considering some times, and the unequal number of both sexes, may be also necessary. The whole world was made for man, but the twelfth part of man for woman. Man is the whole world, and the breath of God; woman the rib and crooked piece of man. I could be content that we might procreate like trees, without conjunction, or that there were any way to perpetuate the world without this trivial and vulgar way of coition; it is the foolishest act a wise man commits in all his life, nor is there anything that will more deject his cooled imagination, when he shall consider what an odd and unworthy piece of folly he hath committed. I speak not in prejudice, nor am averse from that sweet sex, but naturally amorous of all that is beautiful. I can look a whole day with

delight upon a handsome picture, though it be but of a horse. It is my temper, and I like it the better, to affect all harmony; and sure there is music even in the beauty, and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument. For there is a music wherever there is a harmony, order, or proportion; and thus far we may maintain the music of the spheres; for those well-ordered motions, and regular paces, though they give no sound unto the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony. Whosoever is harmonically composed delights in harmony; which makes me much distrust the symmetry of those heads which declaim against all church-music. For myself, not only from my obedience, but my particular genius, I do embrace it: for even that vulgar and tavern-music, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the first composer. There is something in it of divinity more than the ear discovers: it is an hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole world, and creatures of God; such a melody to the ear, as the whole world well understood, would afford the understanding. In brief, it is a sensible fit of that harmony, which intellectually sounds in the ears of God. I will not say with Plato, the soul is a harmony, but harmonical, and has its nearest sympathy unto music: thus some, whose temper of body agrees, and humours the constitution of their souls, are born poets, though indeed all are naturally

inclined unto rhythm. This made Tacitus, in the very first line of his story, fall upon a verse, and Cicero, the worst of poets, but declaiming for a poet, falls in the very first sentence upon a perfect hexameter. I feel not in me those sordid and unchristian desires of my profession; I do not secretly implore and wish for plagues, rejoice at famines, revolve ephemerides and almanacs, in expectation of malignant aspects, fatal conjunctions, and eclipses: I rejoice not at unwholesome springs, or unseasonable winters; my prayer goes with the husbandman's; I desire everything in its proper season, that neither men nor the times be put out of temper. Let me be sick myself, if sometimes the malady of my patient be not a disease unto me. I desire rather to cure his infirmities than my own necessities: where I do him no good, methinks it is scarce honest gain; though I confess it is but the worthy salary of our well-intended endeavours. I am not only ashamed, but heartily sorry, that besides death, there are diseases incurable; yet not for my own sake, or that they be beyond my art, but for the general cause and sake of humanity, whose common cause I apprehend as mine own. And to speak more generally, those three noble professions, which all civil commonwealths do honour, are raised upon the fall of Adam, and are not exempt from their infirmities; there are not only diseases incurable in physic, but cases indissolvable in law, vices incorrigible in divinity. If general councils may err, I do not see why particular courts should be infallible;

their perfectest rules are raised upon the erroneous reasons of man; and the laws of one do but condemn the rules of another; as Aristotle oft-times the opinions of his predecessors, because, though agreeable to reason, yet were not consonant to his own rules and logic of his proper principles. Again, to speak nothing of the sin against the Holy Ghost, whose cure not only, but whose nature is unknown; I can cure the gout or stone in some, sooner than divinity, pride, or avarice in others. I can cure vices by physic, when they remain incurable by divinity: and shall obey my pills, when they contemn their precepts. I boast nothing, but plainly say we all labour against our own cure; for death is the cure of all diseases. There is no catholicon, or universal remedy I know, but this, which, though nauseous to queasy stomachs, yet to prepared appetites is nectar, and a pleasant potion of immortality.

For my conversation, it is like the sun's, with all men, and with a friendly aspect to good and bad. Methinks there is no man bad, and the worst, best; that is, while they are kept within the circle of those qualities wherein they are good. There is no man's mind of such discordant and jarring a temper, to which a tuneable disposition may not strike a harmony. *Magnæ virtutes, nec minora vitia,* it is the posy of the best natures, and may be inverted on the worst. There are in the most depraved and venomous dispositions certain pieces that remain untouched, which by an antiperistasis become more excellent, or by the

excellency of their antipathies are able to preserve themselves from the contagion of their enemy vices, and persist entire beyond the general corruption. For it is also thus in nature. The greatest balsams do lie enveloped in the bodies of most powerful corrosives; I say, moreover, and I ground upon experience, that poisons contain within themselves their own antidote, and that which preserves them from the venom of themselves, without which they were not deleterious to others only, but to themselves also. But it is the corruption that I fear within me, not the contagion of commerce without me. It is that unruly regimen within me, that will destroy me; it is I that do infect myself, the man without a navel yet lives in me. I feel that original canker corrode and devour me; and therefore *defenda me, Dios, de me*, "Lord deliver me from myself", is a part of my litany, and the first voice of my retired imaginations. There is no man alone, because every man is a microcosm, and carries the whole world about him; *nunquam minus solus quàm cum solus*, though it be the apophthegm of a wise man, is yet true in the mouth of a fool; indeed, though in a wilderness, a man is never alone, not only because he is with himself and his own thoughts, but because he is with the devil; who ever consorts with our solitude, and is that unruly rebel that musters up those disordered motions which accompany our sequestered imaginations. And to speak more narrowly, there is no such thing as solitude, nor anything that can be said to be alone and

by itself but God, who is his own circle, and can subsist by himself; all others, besides their dissimilarity and heterogeneous parts, which in a manner multiply their natures, cannot subsist without the concourse of God, and the society of that hand which doth uphold their natures. In brief, there can be nothing truly alone, and by itself, which is not truly one; and such is only God; all others do transcend an unity, and so by consequence are many.

Now for my life, it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not a history but a piece of poetry, and would sound to common ears like a fable; for the world, I count it not an inn but an hospital; and a place not to live, but to die in. The world that I regard is myself; it is the microcosm of my own frame that I cast mine eye on, for the other, I use it but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. Men that look upon my outside, perusing only my condition and fortunes, do err in my altitude, for I am above Atlas's shoulders. The earth is a point, not only in respect of the heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us; that mass of flesh that circumscribes me limits not my mind; that surface that tells the heaven it hath an end cannot persuade me I have any. I take my circle to be above three hundred and sixty. Though the number of the arc do measure my body it comprehendeth not my mind. Whilst I study to find how I am a microcosm, or little world, I find myself something more than the great. There is surely a piece of

divinity in us, something that was before the elements, and owes no homage unto the sun. Nature tells me I am the image of God, as well as Scripture. He that understands not thus much hath not his introduction, or first lesson, and is yet to begin the alphabet of man. Let me not injure the felicity of others, if I say I am as happy as any; *Ruat cælum, fiat voluntas tua*, salveth all; so that whatsoever happens it is but what our daily prayers desire. In brief, I am content, and what should Providence add more? Surely this is it we call happiness, and this do I enjoy; with this I am happy in a dream, and as content to enjoy a happiness in a fancy, as others in a more apparent truth and reality. There is surely a nearer apprehension of anything that delights us in our dreams, than in our waking senses; without this I were unhappy; for my awaked judgment discontents me, ever whispering unto me that I am from my friend; but my friendly dreams in night requite me, and make me think I am within his arms. I thank God for my happy dreams, as I do for my good rest, for there is a satisfaction unto reasonable desires, and such as can be content with a fit of happiness. And surely it is not a melancholy conceit to think we are all asleep in this world, and that the conceits of this life are as mere dreams to those of the next, as the phantasms of the night, to the conceits of the day. There is an equal delusion in both, and the one doth but seem to be the emblem or picture of the other. We are somewhat more than ourselves

in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason, and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps. At my nativity my ascendant was the watery sign of Scorpio. I was born in the planetary hour of Saturn, and I think I have a piece of the leaden planet in me. I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardize of company; yet in one dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams; and this time also would I choose for my devotions; but our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awaked souls a confused and broken tale of that that hath passed. Aristotle, who hath written a singular tract of sleep, hath not, methinks, thoroughly defined it; nor yet Galen, though he seem to have corrected it; for those noctambuloes and night-walkers, though in their sleep, do yet enjoy the action of their senses. We must therefore say, that there is something in us that is not in the jurisdiction of Morpheus, and that those abstracted and ecstatic souls do walk about in their own corpses as spirits with the bodies they assume, wherein they seem to hear and feel, though indeed the organs are destitute of sense, and their natures of those faculties that should inform them.

Thus it is observed, that men sometimes, upon the hour of their departure, do speak and reason above themselves; for then the soul, beginning to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a strain above mortality.

We term sleep a death, and yet it is waking that kills us and destroys those spirits that are the house of life. It is indeed a part of life that best expresseth death; for every man truly lives, so long as he acts his nature, or some way makes good the faculties of himself: Themistocles, therefore, that slew his soldier in his sleep, was a merciful executioner; it is a kind of punishment the mildness of no laws hath invented; I wonder the fancy of Lucan and Seneca did not discover it. It is that death by which we may be literally said to die daily; a death which Adam died before his mortality; a death whereby we live a middle and moderating point between life and death; in fine, so like death, I dare not trust it without my prayers, and a half adieu unto the world, and take my farewell in a colloquy with God.

The night is come, like to the day;
Depart not thou, great God, away.
Let not my sins, black as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of thy light.
Keep still in my horizon; for to me
The sun makes not the day, but thee.
Thou whose nature cannot sleep,
On my temples sentry keep;
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes,
Whose eyes are open while mine close.

Let no dreams my head infest,
But such as Jacob's temples blest.
While I do rest, my soul advance;
Make my sleep a holy trance:
That I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought.
And with as active vigour run
My course as doth the nimble sun.
Sleep is a death;—O make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die!
And as gently lay my head
On my grave, as now my bed.
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at last with thee.
And thus assur'd, behold I lie
Securely, or to wake or die.
These are my drowsy days; in vain
I do now wake to sleep again:
O come that hour, when I shall never
Sleep again, but wake for ever!

This is the dormitive I take to bedward; I need no other laudanum than this to make me sleep: after which, I close mine eyes in security, content to take my leave of the sun, and sleep unto the resurrection.

The method I should use in distributive justice, I often observe in commutative; and keep a geometrical proportion in both; whereby becoming equable to others, I become unjust to myself, and supererogate in that common principle, "Do unto others as thou wouldst be done unto thyself". I was not born unto riches, neither is it I think my star to be wealthy; or if it were, the freedom of my mind, and frankness of my disposition, were

able to contradict and cross my fates. For to me avarice seems not so much a vice, as a deplorable piece of madness; to conceive ourselves urinals, or be persuaded that we are dead, is not so ridiculous or so many degrees beyond the power of hellebore, as this. The opinion of theory, and positions of men, are not so void of reason, as their practised conclusions: some have held that snow is black, that the earth moves, that the soul is air, fire, water; but all this is philosophy, and there is no delirium, if we do but speculate the folly and indisputable dotage of avarice. To that subterraneous idol, and god of the earth, I do confess I am an atheist. I cannot persuade myself to honour what the world adores; whatsoever virtue its prepared substance may have within my body, it hath no influence or operation without; I would not entertain a base design, or an action that should call me villain, for the Indies; and for this only do I love and honour my own soul, and have methinks two arms too few to embrace myself. Aristotle is too severe, that will not allow us to be truly liberal without wealth, and the bountiful hand of fortune; if this be true, I must confess I am charitable only in my liberal intentions, and bountiful well-wishes. But if the example of the mite be not only an act of wonder, but an example of the noblest charity, surely poor men may also build hospitals, and the rich alone have not erected cathedrals. I have a private method which others observe not; I take the opportunity of myself to do good; I

borrow occasion of charity from mine own necessities, and supply the wants of others, when I am in most need myself; for it is an honest stratagem to make advantage of ourselves, and so to husband the acts of virtue, that where they were defective in one circumstance, they may repay their want, and multiply their goodness in another. I have not Peru in my desires, but a competence, and ability to perform those good works, to which he hath inclined my nature. He is rich, who hath enough to be charitable; and it is hard to be so poor, that a noble mind may not find a way to this piece of goodness. He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord; there is more rhetoric in that one sentence, than in a library of sermons; and indeed if those sentences were understood by the reader, with the same emphasis as they are delivered by the author, we needed not those volumes of instructions, but might be honest by an epitome. Upon this motive only I cannot behold a beggar without relieving his necessities with my purse, or his soul with my prayers; these scenical and accidental differences between us cannot make me forget that common and untouched part of us both; there is under these cantos and miserable outsides, these mutilate and semi-bodies, a soul of the same alloy with our own, whose genealogy is God's as well as ours, and in as fair a way to salvation as ourselves. Statists that labour to contrive a commonwealth without our poverty, take away the object of charity, not understanding only the commonwealth of

a Christian, but forgetting the prophecy of Christ.

Now there is another part of charity, which is the basis and pillar of this, and that is the love of God, for whom we love our neighbour; for this I think charity, to love God for himself, and our neighbour for God. All that is truly amiable is God, or, as it were, a divided piece of him, that retains a reflex or shadow of himself. Nor is it strange that we should place affection on that which is invisible: all that we truly love is thus; what we adore under affection of our senses, deserves not the honour of so pure a title. Thus we adore virtue though to the eyes of sense she be invisible: thus that part of our noble friends that we love, is not that part that we embrace, but that insensible part that our arms cannot embrace. God being all goodness, can love nothing but himself, and the traduction of his Holy Spirit. Let us call to assize the loves of our parents, the affection of our wives and children, and they are all dumb shows and dreams, without reality, truth, or constancy: for first, there is a strong bond of affection between us and our parents; yet how easily dissolved! We betake ourselves to a woman, forget our mother in a wife, and the womb that bare us, in that that shall bear our image: this woman blessing us with children, our affection leaves the level it held before, and sinks from our bed unto our issue and picture of posterity, where affection holds no steady mansion. They, growing up in years, desire our ends; or applying themselves to a

woman, take a lawful way to love another better than ourselves. Thus I perceive a man may be buried alive, and behold his grave in his own issue.

I conclude therefore and say, there is no happiness under (or as Copernicus will have it, above) the sun, nor any crambe in that repeated verity and burthen of all the wisdom of Solomon, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit". There is no felicity in that the world adores. Aristotle, whilst he labours to refute the ideas of Plato, falls upon one himself; for his *summum bonum* is a chimæra, and there is no such thing as his felicity. That wherein God himself is happy, the holy angels are happy, in whose defect the devils are unhappy; that dare I call happiness: whatsoever conduceth unto this, may with an easy metaphor deserve the name; whatsoever else the world terms happiness, is to me a story out of Pliny, a tale of Boccaccio or Malaspini; an apparition or neat delusion, wherein there is no more of happiness than the name. Bless me in this life with but peace of my conscience, command of my affections, the love of thyself and my dearest friends, and I shall be happy enough to pity Cæsar. These are, O Lord, the humble desires of my most reasonable ambition, and all I dare call happiness on earth; wherein I set no rule or limit to thy hand of Providence; dispose of me according to the wisdom of thy pleasure. Thy will be done though in my own undoing.

Hydriotaphia

OR

Urn-Burial

A Discourse on the Sepulchral Urns
lately found in Norfolk

Epistle Dedicatory

To my Worthy and Honoured Friend

Thomas le Gros, of Crostwick, Esq.

When the funeral pyre was out, and the last valediction over, men took a lasting adieu of their interred friends, little expecting the curiosity of future ages should comment upon their ashes, and having no old experience of the duration of their relics, held no opinion of such after considerations.

But who knows the fate of his bones, or how often he is to be buried? Who hath the oracle of his ashes, or whither they are to be scattered? The relics of many lie, like the ruins of Pompey's in all parts of the earth; and when they arrive at your hands, these may seem to have wandered far, who in a direct and meridian travel have but few miles of known earth between yourself and the pole.

That the bones of Theseus should be seen again in Athens, was not beyond conjecture and hopeful expectation; but that these should arise so opportunely to serve yourself was an hit of fate and honour beyond prediction.

We cannot but wish these urns might have the effect of theatrical vessels and great Hippodrome urns in Rome, to resound the acclamations and honour due unto you. But these are sad and sepulchral pitchers, which have no joyful voices; silently expressing old mortality, the ruins of forgotten times, and can only speak with life, how long in this corruptible frame some parts may be uncorrupted, yet able to outlast bones long unborn, and noblest pile among us.

We present not these as any strange sight or spectacle unknown to your eyes, who have beheld the best of urns and noblest variety of ashes; who are yourself no slender master of antiquities, and can daily command the view of so many imperial faces; which raiseth your thoughts unto old things and consideration of times before you, when even living men were antiquities; when the living might exceed the dead, and to depart this world could not be properly said to go unto the greater number; and so run up your thoughts upon the ancient of days, the antiquary's truest object, unto whom the eldest parcels are young, and earth itself an infant; and, without Egyptian account, makes but small noise in thousands.

We were hinted by the occasion, not catched the opportunity, to write of old things, or intrude upon the antiquary. We are coldly drawn unto discourses of antiquities, who have scarce time before us to comprehend new things, or make out learned novelties; but seeing they arose as they lay, almost in silence among us,

at least in short account suddenly passed over, we were very unwilling they should die again, and be buried twice among us.

Beside, to preserve the living, and make the dead to live, to keep men out of their urns, and discourse of human fragments in them, is not impertinent unto our profession, whose study is life and death, who daily behold examples of mortality, and of all men least need artificial mementoes, or coffins, by our bedside to mind us of our graves.

It is time to observe occurrences, and let nothing remarkable escape us; the supinity of elder days hath left so much in silence, or time hath so martyred the records, that the most industrious heads do find no easy work to erect a new Britannia.

It is opportune to look back upon old times, and contemplate our forefathers. Great examples grow thin, and to be fetched from the past world. Simplicity flies away, and iniquity comes at long strides upon us. We have enough to do to make up ourselves from present and past times, and the whole stage of things scarce serveth for our instruction. A complete piece of virtue must be made up from the Centos of all ages, as all the beauties of Greece could make but one handsome Venus.

When the bones of King Arthur were digged up, the old race might think they beheld therein some originals of themselves. Unto these of our urns none here can pretend relation, and can only behold the relics of those persons, who in their life giving the laws unto their

predecessors, after long obscurity, now lie at their mercies; but, remembering the early civility they brought upon these countries, and forgetting long-passed mischiefs, we mercifully preserve their bones and piss not upon their ashes.

In the offer of these antiquities we drive not at ancient families, so long outlasted by them. We are far from erecting your worth upon the pillars of your forefathers, whose merits you illustrate. We honour your old virtues, conformable unto times before you, which are the noblest armoury. And having long experience of your friendly conversation, void of empty formality, full of freedom, constant and generous honesty, I look upon you as a gem of the old rock, and must profess myself even to urn and ashes,

Your ever faithful friend and servant,

THOMAS BROWNE

NORWICH, May 1.

Urn-Burial

CHAPTER I

In the deep discovery of the subterranean world a shallow part would satisfy some inquirers; who, if two or three yards were open about the surface, would not care to rake the bowels of Potosi and regions towards the centre. Nature hath furnished one part of the earth, and man another. The treasures of time lie high, in urns, coins, and monuments, scarce below the roots of some vegetables. Time hath endless rarities, and shows of all varieties; which reveals old things in heaven, makes new discoveries in earth, and even earth itself a discovery. That great antiquity, America, lay buried for a thousand years; and a large part of the earth is still in the urn unto us.

Though if Adam were made out of an extract of the earth, all parts might challenge a restitution, yet few have returned their bones far lower than they might receive them: not affecting the graves of giants, under hilly and heavy coverings, but content with less than their own depth, have wished their bones might lie soft, and the earth be light upon them;

even such as hope to rise again, would not be content with central interment, or so desperately to place their relics as to lie beyond discovery, and in no way to be seen again; which happy contrivance hath made communication with our forefathers, and left unto our view some parts which they never beheld themselves.

Though earth hath engrossed the name, yet water hath proved the smartest grave; which in forty days swallowed almost all mankind, and the living creation; fishes not wholly escaping, except the salt ocean were handsomely contempered by a mixture of the fresh element.

Many have taken voluminous pains to determine the state of the soul upon disunion; but men have been most fantastical in the singular contrivances of their corporeal dissolution; whilst the soberest nations have rested in two ways—of simple inhumation and burning.

That carnal interment, or burying, was of the elder date, the old examples of Abraham and the patriarchs are sufficient to illustrate; and were without competition, if it could be made out that Adam was buried near Damascus, or mount Calvary, according to some tradition. God himself, that buried but one, was pleased to make choice of this way, collectible from Scripture expression, and the hot contest between Satan and the archangel, about discovering the body of Moses. But the practice of burning was also of a great antiquity and of no slender extent. For (not to derive the same from Hercules) noble descriptions there are

hereof in the Grecian funerals of Homer, in the formal obsequies of Patroclus, and Achilles; and somewhat elder in the Theban war, and solemn combustion of Meneceus, and Archemorus, contemporary unto Jair, the eighth judge of Israel. Confirmable also among the Trojans, from the funeral pyre of Hector, burnt before the gates of Troy, and the burning of Penthesilea, the Amazonian queen; and long continuance of that practice, in the inward countries of Asia: while as low as the reign of Julian, we find that the king of Chionia burnt the body of his son, and interred the ashes in a silver urn.

The same practice extended also far west, and besides Herulians, Getes, and Thracians, was in use with most of the Celtæ, Sarmatians, Germans, Gauls, Danes, Swedes, Norwegians; not to omit some use thereof among Carthaginians and Americans: of greater antiquity among the Romans than most opinion, or Pliny seems to allow. For (beside the old table laws of burning or burying within the city, of making the funeral fire with plain wood, or quenching the fire with wine) Manlius, the consul, burnt the body of his son. Numa, by special clause of his will, was not burnt, but buried; and Remus was solemnly burned, according to the description of Ovid.

Cornelius Sylla was not the first whose body was burned in Rome, but of the Cornelian family, which being indifferently, not frequently used before, from that time spread, and became the prevalent practice. Not totally pursued in

the highest run of cremation; for when even crows were funerally burnt, Poppæa, the wife of Nero, found a peculiar grave interment. Now as all customs were founded upon some bottom of reason, so there wanted not grounds for this; according to several apprehensions of the most rational dissolution. Some being of the opinion of Thales, that water was the original of all things, thought it most equal to submit unto the principle of putrefaction, and conclude in a moist relentment. Others conceived it most natural to end in fire, as due unto the master principle in the composition, according to the doctrine of Heraclitus; and therefore heaped up large piles, more actively to waft them toward that element, whereby they also declined a visible degeneration into worms, and left a lasting parcel of their composition.

Some apprehended a purifying virtue in fire, refining the grosser commixture, and firing out the æthereal particles so deeply immersed in it. And such as by tradition or rational conjecture held any hint of the final pyre of all things, or that this element at last must be too hard for all the rest, might conceive most naturally of the fiery dissolution. Others pretending no natural grounds, politically declined the malice of enemies upon their buried bodies. Which consideration led Sylla unto this practice; who having thus served the body of Marius, could not but fear a retaliation upon his own; entertained after in the civil wars, and revengeful contentions of Rome.

But as many nations embraced, and many

left it indifferent, so others too much affected or strictly declined this practice. The Indian Brachmans seemed too great friends unto fire, who burnt themselves alive, and thought it the noblest way to end their days in fire, according to the expression of the Indian burning himself at Athens, in his last words upon the pyre, unto the amazed spectators, "Thus I make myself immortal".

But the Chaldeans, the great idolators of fire, abhorred the burning of their carcases as a pollution of that deity. The Persian Magi declined it upon the like scruple, and being only solicitous about their bones, exposed their flesh to the prey of birds and dogs. And the Parsees, now in India, which expose their bodies unto vultures, and endure not so much as *feretra*, or biers of wood, the proper fuel of fire, are led on with such niceties; but whether the ancient Germans, who burned their dead, held any such fear to pollute their deity of Herthus, or the earth, we have no authentic conjecture.

The Egyptians were afraid of fire, not as a deity but a devouring element, mercilessly consuming their bodies and leaving too little of them; and therefore, by precious embalmments, depositure in dry earths, or handsome inclosure in glasses, contrived the notablest ways of integral conservation. And from such Egyptian scruples, imbibed by Pythagoras, it may be conjectured that Numa and the Pythagorical sect first waved the fiery solution.

The Scythians, who swore by wind and

sword, that is, by life and death, were so far from burning their bodies, that they declined all interment, and made their graves in the air. And the Ichthyophagi, or fish-eating nations about Egypt, affected the sea for their grave; thereby declining visible corruption, and restoring the debt of their bodies. Whereas the old heroes, in Homer, dreaded nothing more than water or drowning, probably upon the old opinion of the fiery substance of the soul only extinguishable by that element; and therefore the poet emphatically implieth the total destruction in this kind of death, which happened to Ajax Oileus.

The old Balearians had a peculiar mode, for they used great urns and much wood, but no fire in their burials, while they bruised the flesh and bones of the dead, crowded them into urns, and laid heaps of wood upon them. And the Chinese without cremation or urnal interment of their bodies, make use of trees and much burning, while they plant a pine-tree by their grave, and burn great numbers of painted draughts of slaves and horses over it, civilly content with their company in effigy, which barbarous nations exact unto reality.

Christians abhorred this way of obsequies, and though they sticked not to give their bodies to be burned in their lives, detested that mode after death; affecting rather a depositure than absumption, and properly submitting unto the sentence of God, to return not unto ashes but unto dust again, conformably unto the practice of the patriarchs, the

interment of our Saviour, of Peter, Paul, and the ancient martyrs. And so far at last declining promiscuous interment with pagans, that some have suffered ecclesiastical censures for making no scruple thereof.

The Musselman believers will never admit this fiery resolution, for they hold a present trial from their black and white angels in the grave, which they must have made so hollow that they may rise upon their knees.

The Jewish nation, though they entertained the old way of inhumation, yet sometimes admitted this practice; for the men of Jabesh burnt the body of Saul; and by no prohibited practice, to avoid contagion or pollution, in time of pestilence, burnt the bodies of their friends. And when they burnt not their dead bodies, yet sometimes used great burnings near and about them, deducible from the expressions concerning Jehoram, Zedechias, and the sumptuous pyre of Asa; and were so little averse from pagan burning, that the Jews, lamenting the death of Cæsar, their friend and revenger on Pompey, frequented the place where his body was burnt, for many nights together. And as they raised noble monuments and mausoleums for their own nation, so they were not scrupulous in erecting some for others, according to the practice of Daniel, who left that lasting sepulchral pile in Ecbatana, for the Median and Persian kings.

But even in times of subjection and hottest use, they conformed not unto the Roman practice of burning; whereby the prophecy

was secured concerning the body of Christ, that it should not see corruption, or a bone should not be broken; which we believe was also providentially prevented, from the soldier's spear and nails, that passed by the little bones both in his hands and feet; not of ordinary contrivance, that it should not corrupt on the cross, according to the laws of Roman crucifixion, or a hair of his head perish, though observable in Jewish customs to cut the hair of malefactors.

Nor in their long cohabitation with Egyptians, crept into a custom of their exact embalming, wherein deeply slashing the muscles, and taking out the brains and entrails, they had broken the subject of so entire a resurrection, nor fully answered the types of Enoch, Elijah, or Jonah, which yet to prevent or restore was of equal facility unto that rising power, able to break the fasciations and bands of death, to get clear out of the cerecloth, and a hundred pounds of ointment, and out of the sepulchre before the stone was rolled from it.

But though they embraced not this practice of burning, yet entertained they many ceremonies agreeable unto Greek and Roman obsequies. And he that observeth their funeral feasts, their lamentations at the grave, their music, and weeping mourners; how they closed the eyes of their friends, how they washed, anointed, and kissed the dead, may easily conclude these were not mere pagan civilities. But whether that mournful burden, and treble calling out after Absalom had any reference

unto the last conclamation and triple valediction, used by other nations, we hold but a wavering conjecture.

Civilians make sepulture but of the law of nations; others do naturally found it and discover it also in animals. They that are so thick-skinned as still to credit the story of the phœnix, may say something for animal burning. More serious conjectures find some examples of sepulture in elephants, cranes, the sepulchral cells of pismires, and practice of bees; which civil society carrieth out their dead, and hath exequies, if not interments.

CHAPTER II

The solemnities, ceremonies, rites of their cremation or interment, so solemnly delivered by authors, we shall not disparage our reader to repeat. Only the last and lasting part in their urns, collected bones and ashes, we cannot wholly omit or decline that subject, which occasion lately presented in some discovered among us.

In a field of old Walsingham, not many months past, were digged up between forty and fifty urns, deposited in a dry and sandy soil, not a yard deep, nor far from one another. Not all strictly of one figure, but most answering these described; some containing two pounds of bones, distinguishable in skulls, ribs, jaws, thigh-bones, and teeth, with fresh impressions of their combustion. Besides the extraneous substances, like pieces of small boxes, or combs handsomely wrought, handles of small brass instruments, brazen nippers, and in one some kind of opal.

Near the same plot of ground, for about six yards compass were digged up coals and incinerated substances, which begat conjecture that this was the ustrina or place of burning

their bodies, or some sacrificing place unto the *manes*, which was properly below the surface of the ground, as the æra and altars unto the gods and heroes above it.

That these were the urns of Romans, from the common costume and place where they were found, is no obscure conjecture, not far from a Roman garrison, and but five miles from Brancaster, set down by ancient record under the name of Branodunum. And where the adjoining town, containing seven parishes, in no very different sound, but Saxon termination, still retains the name of Burnham, which being an early station, it is not improbable the neighbour parts were filled with habitations, either of Romans themselves, or Britons Romanized, which observed the Roman customs.

Nor is it improbable that the Romans early possessed this country; for though we meet not with such strict particulars of these parts, before the new institution of Constantine, and military charge of the count of the Saxon shore, and that about the Saxon invasions, the Dalmatian horsemen were in the garrison of Brancaster; yet in the time of Claudius, Vespasian, and Severus, we find no less than three legions dispersed through the province of Britain. And as high as the reign of Claudius a great overthrow was given unto the Iceni, by the Roman lieutenant Ostorius. Not long after the country was so molested, that in hope of a better state, Prasutagus bequeathed his kingdom unto Nero and his daughters; and Boadicea, his queen, fought

the last decisive battle with Paulinus. After which time and conquest of Agricola the lieutenant of Vespasian, probable it is they wholly possessed this country, ordering it into garrisons or habitations, best suitable with their securities. And so some Roman habitations not improbable in these parts, as high as the time of Vespasian, where the Saxons after seated, in whose thin-filled maps we yet find the name of Walsingham. Now if the Iceni were but Gammadims, Anconians, or men that lived in an angle, wedge, or elbow of Britain, according to the original etymology, this country will challenge the emphatical appellation, as most properly making the elbow or *iken* of Icenia.

That Britain was notably populous is undeniable, from that expression of Cæsar; that the Romans themselves were early in no small numbers, seventy thousand with their associates, slain by Boadicea, affords a sure account. And though not many Roman habitations are now known, yet some by old works, rampiers, coins, and urns do testify their possessions. Some urns have been found at Castor, some also about Southcreek, and not many years past, no less than ten in a field at Buxton, not near any recorded garrison. Nor is it strange to find Roman coins, of copper and silver, among us; of Vespasian, Trajan, Adrian, Commodus, Antoninus, Severus, &c. But the greater number of Dioclesian, Constantine, Constans, Valens, with many of Victorinus Posthumius, Tetricus, and the thirty tyrants in the reign of Gal-

lienus; and some as high as Adrianus have been found about Thetford, or Sitomagus, mentioned in the Itinerary of Antoninus, as the way from Venta or Castor unto London. But the most frequent discovery is made at the two Castors by Norwich and Yarmouth, at Burghcastle and Brancaster.

Besides the Norman, Saxon, and Danish pieces of Cuthred, Canutus, William, Matilda, and others, some British coins of gold have been dispersedly found, and no small number of silver pieces near Norwich, with a rude head upon the obverse, and an ill-formed horse on the reverse, with inscriptions *Ic. Duro. T.*, whether implying *Iceni*, *Durotriges*, *Tascia*, or *Trinobantes*, we leave to higher conjecture. Vulgar chronology will have Norwich castle as old as Julius Cæsar; but his distance from these parts, and its Gothic form of structure, abridgeth such antiquity. The British coins afford conjecture of early habitation in these parts, though the city of Norwich arose from the ruins of Venta, and though perhaps not without some habitation before, was enlarged, builded, and nominated by the Saxons. In what bulk or populosity it stood in the old East-Angle monarchy, tradition and history are silent. Considerable it was in the Danish eruptions, when Sueno burnt Thetford and Norwich, and Ulfketel, the governor thereof, was able to make some resistance, and after endeavoured to burn the Danish navy.

How the Romans left so many coins in countries of their conquests seems of hard

resolution, except we consider how they buried them underground, when upon barbarous invasions they were fain to desert their habitations in most part of their empire, and the strictness of their laws forbidding to transfer them to any other uses; wherein the Spartans were singular, who, to make their copper money useless, contempered it with vinegar. That the Britons left any some wonder, since their money was iron and iron rings before Cæsar, and those of after stamp by permission, and but small in bulk and bigness; that so few of the Saxons remain, because overcome by succeeding conquerors upon the place, their coins by degrees passed into other stamps, and the marks of after ages.

Than the time of these urns deposited, or the precise antiquity of these relics, nothing of more uncertainty; for, since the lieutenant of Claudius seems to have made the first progress into these parts, since Boadicea was overthrown by the forces of Nero, and Agricola put a full end to these conquests, it is not probable the country was fully garrisoned or planted before; and, therefore, however these urns might be of later date, not likely of higher antiquity.

And the succeeding emperors desisted not from their conquests in these and other parts, as testified by history and medal inscription yet extant. The province of Britain in so divided a distance from Rome, beholding the faces of many imperial persons, and in large account no fewer than Cæsar, Claudius, Bri-

tannicus, Vespasian, Titus, Adrian, Severus, Commodus, Geta, and Caracalla.

A great obscurity herein, because no medal or emperor's coin enclosed, which might denote the date of their interments; observable in many urns, and found in those of Spitalfields by London, which contained the coins of Claudius, Vespasian, Commodus, Antoninus, attended with lacrymatories, lamps, bottles of liquor, and other appurtenances of affectionate superstition, which in these rural interments were wanting.

Some uncertainty there is from the period or term of burning, or the cessation of that practice. Macrobius affirmeth it was disused in his days; but most agree, though without authentic record, that it ceased with the Antonini,—most safely to be understood after the reign of those emperors, which assumed the name of Antoninus, extending unto Heliogabalus. Not strictly after Marcus; for about fifty years later we find the magnificent burning, and consecration of Severus; and if we so fix this period or cessation, these urns will challenge above thirteen hundred years.

But whether this practice was only then left by emperors and great persons, or generally about Rome, and not in other provinces, we hold no authentic account. For after Tertullian, in the days of Minucius, it was obviously objected upon Christians, that they condemned the practice of burning. And we find a passage in Sidonius, which asserteth that practice in France unto a lower account.

And perhaps not fully disused till Christianity fully established, which gave the final extinction to these sepulchral bonfires.

Whether they were the bones of men, or women, or children, no authentic decision from ancient custom in distinct places of burial. Although not improbably conjectured, that the double sepulchre, or burying-place of Abraham, had in it such intention. But from exility of bones, thinness of skulls, smallness of teeth, ribs, and thigh-bones, not improbable that many thereof were persons of minor age, or women. Confirmable also from things contained in them. In most were found substances resembling combs, plates like boxes, fastened with iron pins, and handsomely overwrought like the necks or bridges of musical instruments, long brass plates overwrought like the handles of neat implements, brazen nippers to pull away hair, and in one a kind of opal yet maintaining a bluish colour.

Now that they accustomed to burn or bury with them things wherein they excelled, delighted, or which were dear unto them, either as farewells unto all pleasure, or vain apprehension that they might use them in the other world, is testified by all antiquity. Observable from the gem, or beryl ring, upon the finger of Cynthia, the mistress of Propertius, when, after her funeral pyre, her ghost appeared unto him. And nobly illustrated from the contents of that Roman urn preserved by Cardinal Farnese, wherein, besides great number of gems with heads of gods and goddesses, were found an

ape of agate, a grasshopper, an elephant of amber, a crystal ball, three glasses, two spoons, and six nuts of crystal. And, beyond the contents of urns, in the monument of Childerick the First, and fourth king from Pharamond, casually discovered three years past at Tournay, restoring unto the world much gold richly adorning his sword, two hundred rubies, many hundred imperial coins, three hundred golden bees, the bones and horse-shoe of his horse interred with him, according to the barbarous magnificence of those days in their sepulchral obsequies. Although, if we steer by the conjecture of many a Septuagint expression, some trace thereof may be found even with the ancient Hebrews, not only from the sepulchral treasure of David, but the circumcision knives which Joshua also buried.

Some men, considering the contents of these urns, lasting pieces and toys included in them, and the custom of burning with many other nations, might somewhat doubt whether all urns found among us were properly Roman relics, or some not belonging unto our British, Saxon, or Danish forefathers.

In the form of burial among the ancient Britons, the large discourses of Cæsar, Tacitus, and Strabo are silent: for the discovery whereof, with other particulars, we much deplore the loss of that letter which Cicero expected or received from his brother Quintus, as a resolution of British customs; or the account which might have been made by Scribonius Largus, the physician accompanying the emperor Clau-

dius, who might have also discovered that frugal bit of the old Britons, which in the bigness of a bean could satisfy their thirst and hunger.

But, that the Druids and ruling priests used to burn and bury is expressed by Pomponius; that Bellinus, the brother of Brennus, and king of Britain, was burnt is acknowledged by Polydorus, as also by Amandus Zierexensis in *Historia*, and Pineda in his *Universa Historia*, Spanish. That they held that practice in Gallia, Cæsar expressly delivereth. Whether the Britons (probably descended from them, of like religion, language, and manners) did not sometimes make use of burning; or whether, at least, such as were after civilized unto the Roman life and manners conformed not unto this practice, we have no historical assertion or denial. But since, from the account of Tacitus, the Romans early wrought so much civility upon the British stock, that they brought them to build temples, to wear the gown, and study the Roman laws and language, that they conformed also unto their religious rites and customs in burial seems no improbable conjecture.

That burning the dead was used in Sarmatia is affirmed by Gaguinus; that the Sueons and Gothlanders used to burn their princes and great persons is delivered by Saxo and Olaus; that this was the old German practice is also asserted by Tacitus. And, though we are bare in historical particulars of such obsequies in this island, or that the Saxons, Jutes, and

Angles burnt their dead, yet came they from parts where it was of ancient practice; the Germans using it, from whom they were descended. And even in Jutland and Sleswick, in Anglia Cymbrica, urns with bones were found not many years before us.

But the Danish and northern nations have raised an era, or point of compute, from their custom of burning their dead: some deriving it from Unguinus, some from Frotho the Great, who ordained by law that princes and chief commanders should be committed unto the fire, though the common sort had the common grave interment. So Starkatterus, that old hero, was burnt, and Ringo royally burnt the body of Harold the king, slain by him.

What time this custom generally expired in that nation we discern no assured period; whether it ceased before Christianity, or upon their conversion by Ausgurius the Gaul, in the time of Ludovicus Pius, the son of Charles the Great, according to good computes; or whether it might not be used by some persons, while for a hundred and eighty years Paganism and Christianity were promiscuously embraced among them, there is no assured conclusion. About which time the Danes were busy in England, and particularly infested this country, where many castles and strongholds were built by them, or against them, and great number of names and families still derived from them. But since this custom was probably disused before their invasion

or conquest, and the Romans confessedly practised the same, since their possession of this island, the most assured account will fall upon the Romans, or Britons Romanized.

However, certain it is, that urns, conceived of no Roman original, are often digged up both in Norway and Denmark, handsomely described, and graphically represented by the learned physician Wormius; and in some parts of Denmark in no ordinary number, as stands delivered by authors exactly describing those countries. And they contained not only bones, but many other substances in them, as knives, pieces of iron, brass, and wood, and one of Norway a brass, gilded jew's-harp.

Nor were they confused or careless in disposing the noblest sort, while they placed large stones in circle about the urns or bodies which they interred; somewhat answerable unto the monument of Rollrich stones in England, or sepulchral monument probably erected by Rollo, who after conquered Normandy, where, it is not improbable, somewhat might be discovered. Meanwhile, to what nation or person belonged that large urn found at Ashbury, containing mighty bones, and a buckler; what those large urns found at Little Massingham, or why the Anglesea urns are placed with their mouths downward, remains yet undiscovered.

CHAPTER III

Plastered and whited sepulchres were anciently affected in cadaverous and corruptive burials; and the rigid Jews were wont to garnish the sepulchres of the righteous; Ulysses, in Hecuba, cared not how meanly he lived, so he might find a noble tomb after death. Great princes affected great monuments; and the fair and larger urns contained no vulgar ashes, which makes that disparity in those which time discovereth among us. The present urns were not of one capacity, the largest containing above a gallon, some not much above half that measure; nor all of one figure, wherein there is no strict conformity, in the same or different countries; observable from those represented by Casalius, Bosio, and others, though all found in Italy: while many have handles, ears, and long necks, but most imitate a circular figure, in a spherical and round composure; whether from any mystery, best duration or capacity, were but a conjecture. But the common form with necks was a proper figure, making our last bed like our first; nor much unlike the urns of our nativity, while we lay in the nether part of the earth, and inward vault of our microcosm. Many urns are red, these but of a black colour, somewhat smooth,

and dully sounding, which begat some doubt, whether they were burnt, or only baked in oven or sun: according to the ancient way in many bricks, tiles, pots, and testaceous works; and as the word *testa* is properly to be taken, when occurring without addition: and chiefly intended by Pliny, when he commendeth bricks and tiles of two years old, and to make them in the spring. Nor only these concealed pieces, but the open magnificence of antiquity ran much in the artifice of clay. Hereof the house of Mausolus was built, thus old Jupiter stood in the Capitol, and the statue of Hercules, made in the reign of Tarquinius Priscus, was extant in Pliny's days. And such as declined burning or funeral urns, affected coffins of clay, according to the mode of Pythagoras, a way preferred by Varro. But the spirit of great ones was above these circumscriptions, affecting copper, silver, gold, and porphyry urns; wherein Severus lay, after a serious view and sentence on that which should contain him. Some of these urns were thought to have been silvered over, from sparklings in several pots, with small tinsel parcels; uncertain whether from the earth, or the first mixture in them.

Among these urns we could obtain no good account of their coverings; only one seemed arched over with some kind of brickwork. Of those found at Buxton some were covered with flints, some in other parts with tiles; those at Yarmouth Caster were closed with Roman bricks; and some have proper earthen covers adapted and fitted to them. But in the Homeri-

cal urn of Patroclus, whatever was the solid tegument, we find the immediate covering to be a purple piece of silk. And such as had no covers might have the earth closely pressed into them, after which disposure were probably some of these, wherein we found the bones and ashes half mortared unto the sand and sides of the urn; and some long roots of quich or dog's-grass about the bones.

No lamps, included liquors, lacrymatories, or tear-bottles attended these rural urns, either as sacred unto the *manes*, or passionate expressions of their surviving friends; while with rich flames and hired tears they solemnized their obsequies, and in the most lamented monuments made one part of their inscriptions. Some find sepulchral vessels, containing liquors, which time hath incrassated into jellies. For, beside these lacrymatories, notable lamps, with vessels of oils; and aromatical liquors, attended noble ossuaries; and some yet retaining a vinosity and spirit in them, which if any have tasted they have far exceeded the palates of antiquity. Liquors not to be computed by years of annual magistrates, but by great conjunctions and the fatal periods of kingdoms. The draughts of consulary date were but crude unto these, and Opimian wine but in the must unto them.

In sundry graves and sepulchres we meet with rings, coins, and chalices. Ancient frugality was so severe that they allowed no gold to attend the corpse, but only that which served to fasten their teeth. Whether the Opaline

stone in this urn were burnt upon the finger of the dead, or cast into the fire by some affectionate friend, it will consist with either custom. But other incinerable substances were found so fresh that they could feel no singe from fire. These, upon view, were judged to be wood, but sinking in water, and tried by the fire we found them to be bone or ivory. In their hardness and yellow colour they most resemble box, which in old expressions found the epithet of eternal, and perhaps in such conservatories might have passed uncorrupted.

That bay leaves were found green in the tomb of St. Humbert, after an hundred and fifty years, was looked upon as miraculous. Remarkable it was unto old spectators, that the cypress of the temple of Diana lasted so many hundred years. The wood of the ark and olive rod of Aaron were older at the captivity; but the cypress of the ark of Noah was the greatest vegetable antiquity, if Josephus were not deceived by some fragments of it in his days. To omit the moor logs and fir trees found underground in many parts of England, the undated ruins of winds, floods, or earthquakes, and which in Flanders still show from what quarter they fell, as generally lying in a north-east position.

But though we found not these pieces to be wood, according to first apprehension, yet we missed not altogether of some woody substance, for the bones were not so clearly picked but some coals were found amongst them. A way to make wood perpetual, and a fit associate

for metal, whereon was laid the foundation of the great Ephesian temple, and which were made the lasting tests of old boundaries and landmarks. Whilst we look on these we admire not observations of coals found fresh after four hundred years. In a long-deserted habitation even egg-shells have been found fresh, not tending to corruption.

In the monument of King Childerick the iron relics were found all rusty and crumbling into pieces; but our little iron pins, which fastened the ivory works, held well together, and lost not their magnetical quality, though wanting a tenacious moisture for the firmer union of parts; although it be hardly drawn into fusion, yet that metal soon submitteth unto rust and dissolution. In the brazen pieces we admired not the duration but the freedom from rust and ill savour, upon the hardest attrition; but now exposed unto the piercing atoms of air, in the space of a few months they begin to spot and betray their green entrails. We conceive not these urns to have descended thus naked as they appear, or to have entered their graves without the old habit of flowers. The urn of Philopœmen was so laden with flowers and ribbons that it afforded no sight of itself. The rigid Lycurgus allowed olive and myrtle. The Athenians might fairly except against the practice of Democritus, to be buried up in honey, as fearing to embezzle a great commodity of their country, and the best of that kind in Europe. But Plato seemed too frugally politic, who

allowed no larger monument than would contain four heroic verses, and designed the most barren ground for sepulture; though we cannot commend the goodness of that sepulchral ground, which was set at no higher rate than the mean salary of Judas. Though the earth had confounded the ashes of these ossuaries, yet the bones were so smartly burnt that some thin plates of brass were found half melted among them, whereby we apprehend they were not of the meanest carcases, perfunctorily fired, as sometimes in military, and commonly in pestilence burnings; or after the manner of abject corpses, huddled forth and carelessly burnt, without the Esquiline Port at Rome, which was an affront contrived upon Tiberius, while they but half burnt his body; and in the amphitheatre, according to the custom in notable malefactors; whereas Nero seemed not so much to fear his death, as that his head should be cut off, and his body not burnt entire.

Some, finding many fragments of skulls in these urns, suspected a mixture of bones. In none we searched was there cause of such conjecture, though sometimes they declined not that practice. The ashes of Domitian were mingled with those of Julia; of Achilles with those of Patroclus. All urns contained not single ashes. Without confused burnings they affectionately compounded their bones, passionately endeavouring to continue their living unions. And when distance of death denied such conjunctions, unsatisfied affections conceived some satisfaction to be neighbours in

the grave, to lie urn by urn, and touch but in their names. And many were so curious to continue their living relations, that they contrived large and family urns, wherein the ashes of their nearest friends and kindred might successively be received, at least some parcels thereof, while their collateral memorials lay in minor vessels about them.

Antiquity held too light thoughts from objects of mortality, while some drew provocatives of mirth from anatomies, and jugglers showed tricks with skeletons; when fiddlers made not so pleasant mirth as fencers, and men could sit with quiet stomachs while hanging was played before them. Old considerations made few mementoes by skulls and bones upon their monuments. In the Egyptian obelisks and hieroglyphical figures it is not easy to meet with bones. The sepulchral lamps speak nothing less than sepulture; and in their literal draughts prove often obscene and antick pieces: where we find D. M. it is obvious to meet with sacrificing *pateras*, and vessels of libation, upon old sepulchral monuments. In the Jewish hypogæum and subterranean cell at Rome, was little observable besides the variety of lamps, and frequent draughts of the holy candlestick. In authentic draughts of Anthony and Jerome, we meet with thigh-bones and death's-heads: but the cemeterial cells of ancient Christians and martyrs were filled with draughts of Scripture stories; not declining the flourishes of cypress, palms, and olive: and the mystical figures of peacocks, doves, and

cocks; but iterately affecting the portraits of Enoch, Lazarus, Jonas, and the vision of Ezekiel, as hopeful draughts, and hinting imagery of the resurrection; which is the life of the grave, and sweetens our habitations in the land of moles and pismires.

Gentile inscriptions precisely delivered the extent of men's lives, seldom the manner of their deaths, which history itself so often leaves obscure in the records of memorable persons. There is scarce any philosopher but dies twice or thrice in Laertius; nor almost any life without two or three deaths in Plutarch; which makes the tragical ends of noble persons more favourably resented by compassionate readers, who find some relief in the election of such differences.

The certainty of death is attended with uncertainties in time, manner, places. The variety of monuments hath often obscured true graves, and cenotaphs confounded sepulchres. For, beside their real tombs, many have found honorary and empty sepulchres. The variety of Homer's monuments made him of various countries. Euripides had his tomb in Attica, but his sepulture in Macedonia. And Severus found his real sepulchre in Rome, but his empty grave in Gallia.

He that lay in a golden urn eminently above the earth, was not like to find the quiet of these bones. Many of these urns were broken by a vulgar discoverer, in hope of inclosed treasure. The ashes of Marcellus were lost above ground, upon the like account. Where profit hath

prompted no age hath wanted such miners, for which the most barbarous expilators found the most civil rhetoric. Gold once out of the earth is no more due unto it. What was unreasonably committed to the ground is reasonably resumed from it: let monuments and rich fabrics, not riches, adorn men's ashes. The commerce of the living is not to be transferred unto the dead. It is not injustice to take that which none complains to lose, and no man is wronged where no man is possessor.

What virtue yet sleeps in this *terra damnata* and aged cinders were pretty magic to experiment; these crumbling relics and long-fired particles superannuate such expectations. Bones, hairs, nails, and teeth of the dead were the treasures of old sorcerers. In vain we revive such practices; present superstition too visibly perpetuates the folly of our forefathers, wherein unto old observation this island was so complete that it might have instructed Persia.

Plato's historian of the other world lies twelve days incorrupted, while his soul was viewing the large stations of the dead. How to keep the corpse seven days from corruption by anointing and washing, without exenteration, were an hazardable piece of art, in our choicest practice. How they made distinct separation of bones and ashes from fiery admixture, hath found no historical solution; though they seemed to make a distinct collection, and overlooked not Pyrrhus's toe, which could not be burnt. Some provision they might make by fictile vessels, coverings, tiles, or flat

stones, upon and about the body, (and in the same field, not far from these urns, many stones were found underground,) as also by careful separation of extraneous matter, composing and raking up the burnt bones with forks, observable in that notable lamp of Galvanus. Martianus, who had the sight of the *vas ustrinum*, or vessel wherein they burnt the dead, found in the Esquiline field at Rome, might have afforded clearer solution. But their insatisfaction herein begat that remarkable invention in the funeral pyres of some princes, by incombustible sheets made with a texture of asbestos, incremable flax, or salamander's wool, which preserved their bones and ashes incommixed.

How the bulk of a man should sink into so few pounds of bones and ashes, may seem strange unto any who considers not its constitution, and how slender a mass will remain upon an open and urging fire of the carnal composition. Even bones themselves reduced unto ashes, do abate a notable proportion; and consisting much of a volatile salt, when that is fired out, make a light kind of cinders. Although their bulk be disproportionable to their weight when the heavy principle of salt is fired out and the earth almost only remaineth; observable in sallow, which makes more ashes than oak; and discovers the common fraud of selling ashes by measure, and not by ponderation.

Some bones make best skeletons, some bodies quick and speediest ashes. Who would expect a quick flame from hydropical Heraclitus? The

poisoned soldier, when his belly brake, put out two pyres, in Plutarch. But in the plague of Athens one private pyre served two or three intruders; and the Saracens burnt in large heaps, by the king of Castile, showed how little fuel sufficeth. Though the funeral pyre of Patroclus took up an hundred foot, a piece of an old boat burnt Pompey; and if the burthen of Isaac were sufficient for an holocaust, a man may carry his own pyre.

From animals are drawn good burning lights, and good medicines against burning; though the seminal humour seems of a contrary nature to fire, yet the body completed proves a combustible lump, wherein fire finds flame even from bones, and some fuel almost from all parts; though the metropolis of humidity seems least disposed unto it, which might render the skulls of these urns less burned than other bones. But all flies or sinks before fire almost in all bodies: when the common ligament is dissolved, the attenuable parts ascend, the rest subside in coal, calx, or ashes.

To burn the bones of the king of Edom for lime seems no irrational ferity; but to drink of the ashes of dead relations a passionate prodigality. He that hath the ashes of his friend, hath an everlasting treasure. Where fire taketh leave, corruption slowly enters. In bones well burnt, fire makes a wall against itself; experimented in cupels, and tests of metals which consist of such ingredients. What the sun compoundeth, fire analyseth, not transmuteth. That devouring agent leaves almost always a

morsel for the earth, whereof all things are but a colony; and which, if time permits, the mother elements will have in their primitive mass again.

He that looks for urns and old sepulchral relics, must not seek them in the ruins of temples, where no religion anciently placed them. These were found in a field, according to ancient custom in noble or private burial; the old practice of the Canaanites, the family of Abraham, and the burying-place of Joshua, in the borders of his possessions; and also agreeable unto Roman practice to bury by highways, whereby their monuments were under eye: memorials of themselves, and mementoes of mortality unto living passengers; whom the epitaphs of great ones were fain to beg to stay and look upon them; a language, though sometimes used, not so proper in church inscriptions. The sensible rhetoric of the dead, to exemplarity of good life, first admitted the bones of pious men and martyrs within church walls; which, in succeeding ages, crept into promiscuous practice. While Constantine was peculiarly favoured to be admitted into the church porch; and the first thus buried in England was in the days of Cuthred.

Christians dispute how their bodies should lie in the grave. In urnal interment they clearly escaped this controversy: though we decline the religious consideration, yet in cemeterial and narrower burying-places, to avoid confusion and cross-position, a certain posture were to be admitted; which even

pagan civility observed. The Persians lay north and south, the Megarians and Phœnicians placed their heads to the east; the Athenians, some think, towards the west, which Christians still retain. And Beda will have it to be the posture of our Saviour. That he was crucified with his face toward the west, we will not contend with tradition and probable account; but we applaud not the hand of the painter, in exalting his cross so high above those on either side; since hereof we find no authentic account in history, and even the crosses found by Helena pretend no such distinction from longitude or dimension.

To be knaved out of our graves, to have our skulls made drinking bowls, and our bones turned into pipes, to delight and sport our enemies, are tragical abominations, escaped in burning burials.

Urnal interments and burnt relics lie not in fear of worms, or to be an heritage for serpents; in carnal sepulture corruptions seem peculiar unto parts, and some speak of snakes out of the spinal-marrow. But, while we suppose common worms in graves, it is not easy to find any there; few in churchyards above a foot deep, fewer or none in churches, though in fresh decayed bodies. Teeth, bones, and hair, give the most lasting defiance to corruption. In an hydropical body, ten years buried in a churchyard, we met with a fat concretion, where the nitre of the earth, and the salt and lixivious liquor of the body, had coagulated large lumps of fat into the consistence of the

hardest Castile soap; whereof part remaineth with us. After a battle with the Persians, the Roman corpses decayed in few days, while the Persian bodies remained dry and uncorrupted. Bodies in the same ground do not uniformly dissolve, nor bones equally moulder; whereof in the opprobrious disease we expect no long duration. The body of the Marquess of Dorset seemed sound and handsomely cereclothed, that after seventy-eight years was found uncorrupted. Common tombs preserve not beyond powder: a firmer consistence and compage of parts might be expected from arefaction, deep burial, or charcoal. The greatest antiquities of mortal bodies may remain in petrified bones, whereof, though we take not in the pillar of Lot's wife, or metamorphosis of Ortelius, some may be older than pyramids, in the putrefied relics of the general inundation. When Alexander opened the tomb of Cyrus, the remaining bones discovered his proportion, whereof urnal fragments afford but a bad conjecture, and have this disadvantage of grave interments, that they leave us ignorant of most personal discoveries. For, since bones afford not only rectitude and stability, but figure unto the body, it is no impossible physiognomy to conjecture at fleshy appendencies; and after what shape the muscles and carnous parts might hang in their full consistences. A full-spread *cariola* shows a well-shaped horse behind; handsome formed skulls give some analogy of fleshy resemblance. A critical view of bones makes a good distinction of sexes. Even colour is not beyond conjec-

ture, since it is hard to be deceived in the distinction of Negroes' skulls. Dante's characters are to be found in skulls as well as faces. Hercules is not only known by his foot: other parts make out their comproportions, and inferences upon whole or parts. And, since the dimensions of the head measure the whole body, and the figure thereof gives conjecture of the principal faculties, physiognomy outlives ourselves, and ends not in our graves.

Severe contemplators, observing these lasting relics, may think them good monuments of persons past, little advantage to future beings. And, considering that Power which subdueth all things unto itself, that can resume the scattered atoms, or identify out of anything, conceive it superfluous to expect a resurrection out of relics. But the soul subsisting, other matter clothed with due accidents may salve the individuality; yet the saints, we observe, arose from graves and monuments about the holy city. Some think the ancient patriarchs so earnestly desired to lay their bones in Canaan, as hoping to make a part of that resurrection; and, though thirty miles from Mount Calvary, at least to lie in that region which should produce the first-fruits of the dead. And if, according to learned conjecture, the bodies of men shall rise where their greatest relics remain, many are not like to err in the topography of their resurrection, though their bones or bodies be after translated by angels into the field of Ezekiel's vision, or, as some will order it, into the Valley of judgment, or Jehosaphat.

CHAPTER IV

Christians have handsomely glossed the deformity of death, by careful consideration of the body, and civil rites which take off brutal terminations. And, though they conceived all reparable by a resurrection, cast not off all care of interment. And, since the ashes of sacrifices burnt upon the altar of God were carefully carried out by the priests, and deposited in a clean field; since they acknowledged their bodies to be the lodging of Christ, and temples of the Holy Ghost, they devolved not all upon the sufficiency of soul existence; and, therefore, with long services and full solemnities concluded their last exequies, wherein, to all distinctions, the Greek devotion seems most pathetically ceremonious.

Christian invention hath chiefly driven at rites which speak hopes of another life, and hints of a resurrection. And, if the ancient Gentiles held not the immortality of their better part, and some subsistence after death, in several rites, customs, actions, and expressions, they contradicted their own opinions; wherein Democritus went high, even to the thought of a resurrection, as scoffingly recorded by Pliny. What can be more express

than the expression of Phocylides? Or who would expect from Lucretius a sentence of Ecclesiastes? Before Plato could speak, the soul had wings, in Homer, which fell not, but flew out of the body into the mansions of the dead; who also observed that handsome distinction of Demas and Soma, for the body conjoined to the soul and body separated from it. Lucian spoke much truth in jest, when he said, that part of Hercules which proceeded from Alcmena perished, that from Jupiter remained immortal. Thus Socrates was content that his friends should bury his body, so they would not think they buried Socrates, and, regarding only his immortal part, was indifferent to be burnt or buried. From such considerations Diogenes might contemn sepulture; and, being satisfied that the soul could not perish, grow careless of corporeal interment. The Stoics, who thought that the souls of wise men had their habitation about the moon, might make slight account of subterraneous deposition; whereas the Pythagoreans and transcorporating philosophers, who were to be often buried, held great care of their interment. And the Platonics rejected not a due care of the grave, though they put their ashes to unreasonable expectations, in their tedious term of return and long set revolution.

Men have lost their reason in nothing so much as their religion, wherein stones and clouts make martyrs; and since the religion of one seems madness unto another, to afford an

account or rationale of old rites, requires no rigid reader. That they kindled the pyre aversely, or turning their face from it, was a handsome symbol of unwilling ministration; that they washed their bones with wine and milk, that the mother wrapped them in linen and dried them in her bosom, the first fostering part and place of their nourishment; that they opened their eyes towards heaven before they kindled the fire, as the place of their hopes or original, were no improper ceremonies. Their last valediction thrice uttered by the attendants was also very solemn, and somewhat answered by Christians, who thought it too little, if they threw not the earth thrice upon the interred body. That in strewing their tombs the Romans affected the rose, the Greeks, amaranthus and myrtle; that the funeral pyre consisted of sweet fuel, cypress, fir, larix, yew, and trees perpetually verdant, lay silent expressions of their surviving hopes; wherein Christians, which deck their coffins with bays, have found a more elegant emblem. For that tree, seeming dead, will restore itself from the root, and its dry and exuccous leaves resume their verdure again; which, if we mistake not, we have also observed in firs. Whether the planting of yew in churchyards hold not its original from ancient funeral rites, or as an emblem of resurrection from its perpetual verdure, may also admit conjecture.

They made use of music to excite or quiet the affections of their friends, according to different harmonies. But the secret and sym-

bolical hint was the harmonical nature of the soul; which delivered from the body went again to enjoy the primitive harmony of heaven, from whence it first descended; which, according to its progress, traced by antiquity, came down by Cancer, and ascended by Capricornus.

They burnt not children before their teeth appeared, as apprehending their bodies too tender a morsel for fire, and that their gristly bones would scarce leave separable relics after the pyral combustion. That they kindled not fire in their houses for some days after, was a strict memorial of the late afflicting fire. And mourning without hope, they had a happy fraud against excessive lamentation, by a common opinion that deep sorrows disturbed their ghosts.

That they buried their dead on their backs, or in a supine position, seems agreeable unto profound sleep, and common posture of dying; contrary to the most natural way of birth; nor unlike our pendulous posture, in the doubtful state of the womb. Diogenes was singular, who preferred a prone situation in the grave, and some Christians like neither, who decline the figure of rest, and make choice of an erect posture.

That they carried them out of the world with their feet forward, not inconsonant unto reason; as contrary unto the native posture of man, and his production first into it. And also agreeable unto their opinions, while they bid adieu unto the world, not to look again upon it; whereas Mahometans, who think to

return to a delightful life again, are carried forth with their heads forward, and looking toward their houses.

They closed their eyes as parts which first die or first discover the sad effects of death. But their iterated clamations to excite their dying or dead friends, or revoke them unto life again, was a vanity of affection; as not presumably ignorant of the critical tests of death, by apposition of feathers, glasses, and reflection of figures, which dead eyes represent not; which however not strictly verifiable in fresh and warm *cadavers*, could hardly elude the test in corpses of four or five days.

That they sucked in the last breath of their expiring friends, was surely a practice of no medical institution, but a loose opinion that the soul passed out thát way, and a fondness of affection from some Pythagorical foundation, that the spirit of one body passed into another, which they wished might be their own.

That they poured oil upon the pyre was a tolerable practice, while the intention rested in facilitating the ascension; but to place good omens in the quick and speedy burning, to sacrifice unto the winds for a dispatch in this office, was a low form of superstition.

The archimime, or jester attending the funeral train, and imitating the speeches, gesture, and manners of the deceased, was too light for such solemnities, contradicting their funeral orations and doleful rites of the grave.

That they buried a piece of money with them as a fee of the Elysian ferryman was a practice

full of folly; but the ancient custom of placing coins in considerable urns, and the present practice of burying medals in the noble foundations of Europe are laudable ways of historical discoveries in actions, persons, chronologies; and posterity will applaud them.

We examine not the old laws of sepulture, exempting certain persons from burial or burning; but hereby we apprehend that these were not the bones of persons planet-struck, or burnt with fire from heaven. No relics of traitors to their country, self-killers, or sacrilegious malefactors; persons in old apprehension unworthy of the earth, condemned unto the Tartarus of hell and bottomless pit of Pluto, from whence there was no redemption.

Nor were only many customs questionable in order to their obsequies, but also sundry practices, fictions, and conceptions, discordant or obscure, of their state and future beings; whether unto eight or ten bodies of men to add one of a woman, as being more inflammable and unctuously constituted for the better pyral combustion were any rational practice. Or whether the complaint of Periander's wife be tolerable, that wanting her funeral burning she suffered intolerable cold in hell, according to the constitution of the infernal house of Pluto, wherein cold makes a great part of their tortures; it cannot pass without some question.

Why the female ghosts appear unto Ulysses, before the heroes and masculine spirits,—why the Psyche or soul of Tiresias is of the masculine gender, who being blind on earth sees

more than all the rest in hell; why the funeral suppers consisted of eggs, beans, smallage, and lettuce, since the dead are made to eat asphodels about the Elysian meadows,—why, since there is no sacrifice acceptable, nor any propitiation for the covenant of the grave, men set up the deity of Morta, and fruitlessly adored divinities without ears, it cannot escape some doubt.

The dead seem all alive in the human Hades of Homer, yet cannot well speak, prophesy, or know the living, except they drink blood, wherein is the life of man. And therefore the souls of Penelope's paramours, conducted by Mercury, chirped like bats, and those which followed Hercules made a noise but like a flock of birds.

The departed spirits know things past and to come, yet are ignorant of things present. Agamemnon foretells what should happen unto Ulysses, yet ignorantly inquires what is become of his own son. The ghosts are afraid of swords in Homer, yet Sibylla tells Æneas in Virgil, the thin habit of spirits was beyond the force of weapons. The spirits put off their malice with their bodies, and Cæsar and Pompey accord in Latin hell; yet Ajax, in Homer, endures not a conference with Ulysses; and Deiphobus appears all mangled in Virgil's ghosts; yet we meet with perfect shadows among the wounded ghosts of Homer.

Since Charon, in Lucian, applauds his condition among the dead, whether it be handsomely said of Achilles, that living contemner of death, that he had rather be a ploughman's

servant than emperor of the dead? How Hercules's soul is in hell, and yet in heaven, and Julius's soul in a star, yet seen by Æneas in hell?—except the ghosts were but images and shadows of the soul, received in higher mansions, according to the ancient division of body, soul, and image or *simulachrum* of them both. The particulars of future beings must needs be dark unto ancient theories, which Christian philosophy yet determines but in a cloud of opinions. A dialogue between two infants in the womb concerning the state of this world, might handsomely illustrate our ignorance of the next, whereof methinks we yet discourse in Plato's den, and are but embryo philosophers.

Pythagoras escapes in the fabulous hell of Dante, among that swarm of philosophers wherein, whilst we meet with Plato and Socrates, Cato is to be found in no lower place than purgatory. Among all the set, Epicurus is most considerable, whom men make honest without an Elysium, who contemned life without encouragement of immortality, and making nothing after death, yet made nothing of the king of terrors.

Were the happiness of the next world as closely apprehended as the felicities of this, it were a martyrdom to live; and unto such as consider none hereafter, it must be more than death to die, which makes us amazed at those audacities, that durst be nothing, and return into their chaos again. Certainly such spirits as could contemn death, when they expected no better being after, would have scorned to

live had they known any. And therefore we applaud not the judgment of Machiavel, that Christianity makes men cowards, or that with the confidence of but half dying, the despised virtues of patience and humility, have abased the spirits of men, which Pagan principles exalted, but rather regulated the wildness of audacities, in the attempts, grounds, and eternal sequels of death; wherein men of the boldest spirits are often prodigiously temerarious. Nor can we extenuate the valour of ancient martyrs, who contemned death in the uncomfortable scene of their lives, and in their decrepit martyrdoms did probably lose not many months of their days, or parted with life when it was scarce worth the living. For (beside that long time past holds no consideration unto a slender time to come) they had no small disadvantage from the constitution of old age, which naturally makes men fearful; and complexionally superannuated from the bold and courageous thoughts of youth and fervent years. But the contempt of death from corporeal animosity promoteth not our felicity. They may sit in the orchestra, and noblest seats of heaven, who have held up shaking hands in the fire, and humanly contended for glory.

Meanwhile Epicurus lies deep in Dante's hell, wherein we meet with tombs inclosing souls which denied their immortalities. But whether the virtuous heathen, who lived better than he spake, or erring in the principles of himself, yet lived above philosophers of more specious maxims, lie so deep as he is placed, at

least so low as not to rise against Christians, who believing or knowing that truth, have lastingly denied it in their practice and conversation—were a query too sad to insist on.

But all or most apprehensions rested in opinions of some future being, which, ignorantly or coldly believed, begat those perverted conceptions, ceremonies, sayings, which Christians pity or laugh at. Happy are they, which live not in that disadvantage of time, when men could say little for futurity, but from reason; whereby the noblest minds fell often upon doubtful deaths, and melancholy dissolutions. With these hopes Socrates warmed his doubtful spirits, against that cold potion; and Cato, before he durst give the fatal stroke, spent part of the night in reading the immortality of Plato, thereby confirming his wavering hand unto the animosity of that attempt.

It is the heaviest stone that melancholy can throw at a man, to tell him he is at the end of his nature; or that there is no further state to come, unto which this seems progressional, and otherwise made in vain. Without this accomplishment the natural expectation and desire of such a state were but a fallacy in nature; unsatisfied considerators would quarrel with the justice of their constitutions, and rest content that Adam had fallen lower; whereby by knowing no other original and deeper ignorance of themselves, they might have enjoyed the happiness of inferior creatures, who in tranquillity possess their constitutions, as having not the apprehension to deplore their own

natures. And being framed below the circumference of these hopes, or cognition of better being, the wisdom of God hath necessitated their contentment: but the superior ingredient and obscured part of ourselves, whereto all present felicities afford no resting contentment, will be able at last to tell us we are more than our present selves, and evacuate such hopes in the fruition of their own accomplishments.

CHAPTER V

Now, since these dead bones have already outlasted the living ones of Methuselah, and in a yard under ground, and thin walls of clay, outworn all the strong and spacious buildings above it; and quietly rested under the drums and tramplings of three conquests: what prince can promise such diuturnity unto his relics, or might not gladly say,

Sic ego componi versus in ossa velim?

Time, which antiquates antiquities, and hath an art to make dust of all things, hath yet spared these minor monuments. In vain we hope to be known by open and visible conservatories, when to be unknown was the means of their continuation, and obscurity their protection. If they died by violent hands, and were thrust into their urns, these bones become considerable, and some old philosophers would honour them, whose souls they conceived most pure, which were thus snatched from their bodies, and to retain a stronger propension unto them: whereas they weariedly left a languishing corpse, and with faint desires of reunion. If they fell by long and aged decay, yet wrapt up in the bundle of time, they fall into indistinction,

and make but one blot with infants. If we begin to die when we live, and long life be but a prolongation of death, our life is a sad composition; we live with death, and die not in a moment. How many pulses made up the life of Methuselah, were work for Archimedes: common counters sum up the life of Moses's man. Our days become considerable like petty sums by minute accumulations; where numerous fractions make up but small round numbers; and our days of a span long make not one little finger.

If the nearness of our last necessity, brought a nearer conformity unto it, there were a happiness in hoary hairs, and no calamity in half senses. But the long habit of living indisposeth us for dying; when avarice makes us the sport of death, when even David grew politically cruel, and Solomon could hardly be said to be the wisest of men. But many are too early old, and before the date of age. Adversity stretcheth our days, misery makes Alcmena's nights, and time hath no wings unto it. But the most tedious being is that which can unwish itself, content to be nothing, or never to have been, which was beyond the malcontent of Job, who cursed not the day of his life, but his nativity; content to have so far been, as to have a title to future being, although he had lived here but in an hidden state of life, and as it were, an abortion.

What song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not

beyond all conjecture. What time the persons of these ossuaries entered the famous nations of the dead, and slept with princes and counsellors, might admit a wide solution. But who were the proprietaries of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, were a question above antiquarianism; not to be resolved by man, nor easily perhaps by spirits, except we consult the provincial guardians, or tutelary observators. Had they made as good provision for their names as they have done for their relics, they had not so grossly erred in the art of perpetuation. But to subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration. Vain ashes, which in the oblivion of names, persons, times, and sexes, have found unto themselves a fruitless continuation, and only arise unto late posterity, as emblems of mortal vanities, antidotes against pride, vainglory, and madding vices. Pagan vainglories, which thought the world might last for ever, had encouragement for ambition, and finding no Atropos unto the immortality of their names, were never damped with the necessity of oblivion. Even old ambitions had the advantage of ours, in the attempts of their vain-glories, who acting early, and before the probable meridian of time, have by this time found great accomplishment of their designs, whereby the ancient heroes have already outlasted their monuments, and mechanical preservations. But in this latter scene of time we cannot expect such mummies unto our memories, when ambition may fear the prophecy of Elias, and

Charles the Fifth can never hope to live within two Methuselahs of Hector.

And therefore, restless inquietude for the diuturnity of our memories unto present considerations, seems a vanity almost out of date, and superannuated piece of folly. We cannot hope to live so long in our names as some have done in their persons. One face of Janus holds no proportion unto the other. It is too late to be ambitious. The great mutations of the world are acted, or time may be too short for our designs. To extend our memories by monuments, whose death we daily pray for, and whose duration we cannot hope, without injury to our expectations, in the advent of the last day, were a contradiction to our beliefs. We, whose generations are ordained in this setting part of time, are providentially taken off from such imaginations; and, being necessitated to eye the remaining particle of futurity, are naturally constituted unto thoughts of the next world, and cannot excusably decline the consideration of that duration, which maketh pyramids pillars of snow, and all that is past a moment.

Circles and right lines limit and close all bodies, and the mortal right-lined circle must conclude and shut up all. There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporally considereth all things. Our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors. Grave-stones tell truth scarce forty years. Generations pass while some trees stand, and

old families last not three oaks. To be read by bare inscriptions like many in Gruter, to hope for eternity by enigmatical epithets, or first letters of our names, to be studied by antiquaries who we were, and have new names given us, like many of the mummies, are cold consolations unto the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages.

To be content that times to come should only know there was such a man, not caring whether they knew more of him, was a frigid ambition in Cardan; disparaging his horoscopal inclination and judgment of himself. Who cares to subsist, like Hippocrates's patients, or Achilles's horses, in Homer, under naked nominations, without deserts and noble acts, which are the balsam of our memories, the *entelechia* and soul of our subsistences? To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one. And who had not rather have been the good thief, than Pilate?

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it: time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations; and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon.

Who knows whether the best of men be known? or, whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Without the favour of the everlasting register the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired: the greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story before the flood, and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic, which scarce stands one moment. And, since death must be the Lucina of life, and even Pagans could doubt whether thus to live were to die; since our longest sun sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes; since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementoes, and time, that grows old itself, bids us hope no long duration;—diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation.

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes

of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities, miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which, notwithstanding, is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls. A good way to continue their memories, while, having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings, and, enjoying the fame of their passed selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last durations. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistences, to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise; Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.

In vain do individuals hope for immortality, or any patent from oblivion, in preservations below the moon: men have been deceived even in their flatteries above the sun, and studied conceits to perpetuate their names in heaven. The various cosmography of that part hath already varied the names of contrived constellations: Nimrod is lost in Orion, and Osiris in the Dog-star. While we look for incorruption in the heavens, we find they are but like the earth; durable in their main bodies, alterable in their parts: whereof, beside comets and new stars, perspectives begin to tell tales, and the spots that wander about the sun, with Phaeton's favour, would make clear conviction.

There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality; whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end;—which is the peculiar of that necessary essence that cannot destroy itself; and the highest strain of omnipotency, to be so powerfully constituted as not to suffer even from the power of itself. All others have a dependent being, and within the reach of destruction, but the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death, makes a folly of posthumous memory. God, who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names hath directly promised no duration. Wherein there is so much of chance, that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustration; and to hold long subsistence, seems but a scape in

oblivion. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature.

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us. A small fire sufficeth for life, great flames seemed too little after death, while men vainly affected precious pyres, and to burn like Sardanapalus; but the wisdom of funeral laws found the folly of prodigal blazes, and reduced undoing fires, unto the rule of sober obsequies, wherein few could be so mean as not to provide wood, pitch, a mourner, and an urn.

Five languages secured not the epitaph of Gordianus. The man of God lives longer without a tomb than any by one, invisibly interred by angels, and adjudged to obscurity, though not without some marks directing human discovery. Enoch and Elias, without either tomb or burial, in an anomalous state of being, are the great examples of perpetuity, in their long and living memory, in strict account being still on this side death, and having a late part yet to act upon this stage of earth. If in the decretory term of the world we shall not all die but be changed, according to received translation, the last day will make but few graves; at least quick resurrections will anticipate lasting sepulchres. Some graves will be opened before they be quite closed, and Lazarus be no wonder. When many that feared to die shall groan that they can die but once, the dismal

state is the second and living death, when life puts despair on the damned; when men shall wish the coverings of mountains, not of monuments, and annihilation shall be courted.

While some have studied monuments, others have studiously declined them: and some have been so vainly boisterous, that they durst not acknowledge their graves; wherein Alaricus seems most subtle, who had a river turned to hide his bones at the bottom. Even Sylla, that thought himself safe in his urn, could not prevent revenging tongues, and stones thrown at his monument. Happy are they whom privacy makes innocent, who deal so with men in this world, that they are not afraid to meet them in the next, who, when they die, make no commotion among the dead, and are not touched with that poetical taunt of Isaiah.

Pyramids, arches, obelisks, were but the irregularities of vainglory and wild enormities of ancient magnanimity. But the most magnanimous resolution rests in the Christian religion, which trampleth upon pride, and sits on the neck of ambition, humbly pursuing that infallible perpetuity, unto which all others must diminish their diameters, and be poorly seen in angles of contingency.

Pious spirits who passed their days in raptures of futurity, made little more of this world than the world that was before it, while they lay obscure in the chaos of preordination and night of their forebeings. And if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasies, exolution, liquefaction,

transformation, the kiss of the spouse, gustation of God, and ingression into the divine shadow, they have already had a handsome anticipation of heaven; the glory of the world is surely over, and the earth in ashes unto them.

To subsist in lasting monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names, and predicament of chimeras, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their Elysiums. But all this is nothing in the metaphysics of true belief. To live indeed is to be again ourselves, which being not only a hope but an evidence in noble believers, it is all one to lie in St. Innocent's churchyard, as in the sands of Egypt; ready to be anything, in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six foot as the *moles* of Adrianus.

> ———Tabesne cadavera solvat
> An rogus haud refert.—*Lucan.*

NOTES BY THE AUTHOR

RELIGIO MEDICI

p. 14. *Ave Maria bell*, a church bell that tolls every day at six and twelve of the clock; at the hearing whereof every one in what place soever, either of house or street, betakes himself to his prayer, which is commonly directed to the virgin.

18. *Plato's year*, a revolution of certain thousand years, when all things should return unto their former estate, and he be teaching again in his school as when he delivered this opinion.

55. *Ascendens*, &c. Thereby is meant, our good angel appointed us from our nativity.

69. *testament of Diogenes*, who willed his friend not to bury him, but hang him up with a staff in his hand to fright away the crows.

URN-BURIAL

131. *few miles of known earth between yourself and the pole.* Little directly but sea between your house and Greenland.

the bones of Theseus, brought back by Cimon (Plutarch).

132. *great Hippodrome urns*, the great urns in the Hippodrome at Rome, conceived to resound the voices of people at their shows.

noblest pile among us, worthily possessed by that true gentleman, Sir Horatio Townshend, my honoured friend.

132. *makes but small noise in thousands*, which makes the world so many years old.

133. *to erect a new Britannia* : wherein Mr. Dugdale hath excellently well endeavoured, and worthy to be countenanced by ingenuous and noble persons.

When the bones of King Arthur were digged up, in the time of Henry II (Camden).

135. *Potosi*, the rich mountain of Peru.

137. *king of Chionia*, Gumbrates, King of Chionia, a country near Persia (Ammianus Marcellinus).

139. *the Indian burning himself at Athens* : and therefore the inscription of his tomb was made accordingly (Nic. Damasc.).

140. *Ajax Oileus*, which Magius reads ἐξαπόλωλε.

laid heaps of wood upon them, Diodorus Siculus.

141. *some have suffered ecclesiastical censures*, Martialis, the bishop (Cyprian).

burnt the bodies of their friends, *Amos*, vi. 10.

as they raised noble monuments, &c., as that magnificent sepulchral monument erected by Simon, *1 Macc.* xiii.

that lasting sepulchral pile in Ecbatana, Κατασκέυασμα θαυμασίως πεποιημένον, whereof a Jewish priest had always the custody unto Josephus's days, *Jos. Antiq.*, lib. x.

144. *in one some kind of opal*, in one sent me by my worthy friend Dr. Thomas Witherby, of Walsingham.

146. *in a field at Buxton*, in the ground of my worthy friend Robert Jegon, Esq., wherein some things contained were preserved by the most worthy Sir William Paston, Bart.

147. *from Venta or Castor unto London.* From Castor to Thetford the Romans accounted thirty-two miles, and from thence observed not our common road to London, but passed by Combretonium ad Ansum, Canonium, Cæsaromagnus, &c., by Bretanham, Coggleshall, Chelmsford, Brentwood, &c.

147. *at the two Castors*; most at Castor by Yarmouth, found in a place called Eastbloody-burgh Furlong, belonging to Mr. Thomas Wood, a person of civility, industry, and knowledge in this way, who hath made observation of remarkable things about him, from whom we have received divers silver and copper coins.

Brancaster, belonging to that noble gentleman, and true example of worth, Sir Ralph Hare, Bart., my honoured friend.

Matilda, a piece of Maud, the Empress, said to be found in Buckenham Castle, with this inscription: *Elle n'a elle.*

near Norwich, at Thorpe.

154. *monument of Rollrich stones*, in Oxfordshire (Camden).

large urn found at Ashbury, in Cheshire (*Turinus de Rebus Albionicis*).

large urns found at Little Massingham, in Norfolk (Hollinshed).

155. *the rigid Jews . . . righteous*, *Matthew*, xxiii.

Ulysses, in Hecuba (Euripides).

while we lay . . . earth, *Psalm* lxiii.

157. *the fatal periods of kingdoms*, about five hundred years (Plato).

159. *even egg-shells have been found*, at Elmeham.

161. *their collateral memorials*, &c. See the most learned and worthy Mr. M. Casaubon upon Antoninus.

while hanging was played, Αγχόνην παίζειν. A barbarous pastime at feasts, where men stood upon a rolling globe, with their necks in a rope, and a knife in their hands, ready to cut it when the stone was rolled away; wherein, if they failed, they lost their lives, to the laughter of the spectators, *Athenaeus*, iv. 42, p. 155 (Casaubon.).

162. *He that lay in a golden urn*, Trajanus (Dion).

163. *for which the most barbarous expilators*, &c., the commission of the Gothish King Theodoric for finding out sepulchral treasure, *Cassiodor. Var.*, l. 4, Ep. 18.

164. *Some bones make best skeletons.* Old bones, according to Lyserus; those of young persons, not tall nor fat, according to Columbus.

165. *in the plague of Athens* (Thucydides).

though the metropolis of humidity, the brain (Hippocrates).

To burn the bones, &c., *Amos*, ii. 1.

but to drink of the ashes of dead relations, as Artemisia of her husband, Mausolus.

168. *The body of the Marquess of Dorset*, of Thomas, Marquess of Dorset, whose body, being buried (1530), was (1608), upon the cutting open of the cere-cloth, found perfect and nothing corrupted, the flesh not hardened, but in colour, proportion, and softness like an ordinary corpse newly to be interred (Burton's *Description of Leicestershire*).

metamorphosis of Ortelius, in his *Map of Russia.*

169. *Dante's characters.* The poet Dante, in his view of purgatory, found gluttons so meagre and extenuated that he conceived them to have been in the siege of Jerusalem, and that it was easy to have discovered Homo, or Omo, in their faces—M being made by the two lines of their cheeks, arching over the eye-brows to the nose, and their sunk eyes making O O, which makes up Omo. "Pareau l'occhiaie anella senza gemme che nel viso de gli huomini legge huomo Ben'-hauria quiui conoscinto l'emme."

173. *make choice of an erect posture*, Russians, &c.

182. *common counters sum up the life of Moses's man*, in the *Psalm of Moses.*

make not one little finger, according to the ancient arithmetic of the hand, wherein the little finger of the right hand, contracted, signified an hundred (Pierius in *Hieroglyph*).

misery makes Alcmena's nights, one night as long as three.

183. *the prophecy of Elias*, that the world may last but six thousand years.

184. *Charles the Fifth can never hope*, &c., Hector's fame lasting above two lives of Methuselah, before that famous prince was extant.

the mortal right-lined circle, Θ, the character of death.

Grave-stones tell truth scarce forty years, old ones being taken up, and other bodies laid under them.

190. *that poetical taunt of Isaiah*, *Isaiah*, xiv. 16.

angles of contingency, *angulus contingentiæ*, the least of angles.

191. *St. Innocent's churchyard*, in Paris, where bodies soon consume.

the moles of Adrianus, a stately mausoleum or sepulchral pile built by Adrianus in Rome, where now standeth the Castle of St. Angelo.

The text of this edition of *Religio Medici* and *Hydriotaphia* has been revised, and the notes prepared, by Mr. Thomas Bayne.

NOTES

RELIGIO MEDICI

A surreptitious edition of the *Religio Medici* was twice issued in 1642. A copy of this prompted Sir Kenelm Digby's running criticism, and this led to correspondence between the author and his commentator and to the authentic edition of the work, which was issued in 1643. Eleven editions appeared in the author's lifetime, the last of them, called "the eighth edition" on its title-page, bearing date 1682. Fourteen editions were published up to 1736, and from time to time translations were made into Latin, Dutch, French, German, and other languages.

PART I

p. 11. *the general scandal of my profession. Ubi tres medici duo athei*, "where there are three doctors, there are two atheists", has proverbial currency.

12. *nothing but the name*, Protestantism.

the accidental occasion, the issue of Indulgences by Leo X, which stirred Luther into action.

I have not so shaken hands with, have not bid my adieu, so as to stand "in diameter", or in attitude of direct hostility.

13. *improperations* (Lat. *improperare*, to upbraid), taunts.

those many texts, as, e.g. *2 Kings*, xvi. 3, xvii. 15; *Psalm* lix. 8; *Jeremiah*, x. 2; *Ezekiel*, xxxvi. 21.

15. *the council of Trent*, 1545–1563, defined the doctrine and discipline of the Roman Catholic Church. Its decrees were confirmed by Pope Pius IV, in 1564, in his *Profession of the Tridentine Faith*. In 1619 the Synod of Dort condemned Arminianism.

where the Scripture is silent, the church is my text. With reference to this passage, Hallam remarks, in *History of England*, ii. 74: "That Jesuit must be a disgrace to his order who would have asked more than such a concession to secure a proselyte—the right of interpreting whatever was written, and of supplying whatever was not".

16. *refused not the faith of Rome.* The statute of the Six Articles (31 Henry VIII, c. 14) declared that transubstantiation, communion in one kind, celibacy of the clergy, vows of widowhood, private masses, and auricular confession were part of the law of England.

his own predecessors desired and essayed, viz. William Rufus, Henrys I and II, and John, against Anselm, Becket, and Innocent III respectively.

the state of Venice was threatened with excommunication by Pope Paul V, in 1606, when the Jesuits were expelled from that state.

17. *his best Œdipus*, solving his difficulties as Œdipus did with the riddle of the Sphinx.

the epicycle of my own brain, a metaphor borrowed from the technicalities of the Ptolemaic astronomy. The epicycle, a circle with its centre carried round upon another circle, was the astronomer's illustration of the fact that a planet has sometimes a direct and sometimes a retrograde motion, relatively to the signs of the Zodiac. Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, viii. 82.

18. *like the river Arethusa*, fabled to have flowed under the sea from Elis to the fountain near Syracuse. See Ovid, *Metam.*, v. 8.

that of the Arabians, with whom Origen contended in successful argument. Pope John XXII favoured the doctrine, which is discussed by Eusebius, St. Augustine, and Nicephorus.

19. *that of Origen*, which implied that even the devils, as well as the wicked among men, would ultimately be discharged from torment.

the prayer for the dead, the *De Profundis* of the Roman Catholic creed. Dr. Johnson was drawn to this exercise after his wife's decease.

20. *the prophecy of Christ*, in *St. Matthew*, xxiv. 24.

Arians, disciples of Arius (d. 336 A.D.), who denied the divinity of Christ.

21. *pia mater* (the holy mother), the delicate membrane investing the brain and the spinal cord.

to pursue my reason to an O altitudo, after the manner of St. Paul, *Romans*, xi. 33.

that odd resolution, viz. "it is certain because it is impossible". Tertullian, "old and decrepit", died before 240 A.D. One of the most notable theologians of the Western Church, many of his sayings are proverbial. Others almost equally familiar with that quoted in the text. are: "The unity of heretics is schism", and "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church".

22. *the adjunct the apostle gives it*, viz. "the shield of faith", in *Ephesians*, vi. 16.

in an easy and Platonic description, *i.e.* in the transcendental manner of Plato.

22–23. *allegorical description of Hermes*, which, being interpreted, means "a globe whose centre is everywhere and circumference nowhere". Hermes Trismegistus, the reputed exemplar of Pythagoras and Plato, is probably, in large measure, a creation of the New Platonists. The chief work assigned to this primitive philosopher is a cosmical dialogue entitled *Poemandor*.

23. *anima est angelus*, &c. The author's position is that he is as ready to believe that *anima*, the living principle, is the angel of man and the body of the Deity as that it is, in Aristotle's definition, ἐντελέχεια, or absolute existence; and that *lux*, or light, is the shadow of God, as that it is the impulse of the transparent. He prefers fanciful delineation to scientific jargon where exact definition is impossible.

23. *which God ordained the Jews*, viz. in *Genesis*, iii. 16.

24. *Neque enim cum porticus*, &c., "for neither when the porch or the couch has received me do I fail myself".

St. Paul's sanctuary, from within which the Apostle proclaims, in *Ephesians*, iii: "what is the fellowship of the mystery, which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God". His privilege, he explains, has come to him "by revelation".

25. *St. Peter speaks modestly*, viz. in *2nd Epistle*, iii. 8.

Aristotle could conceive the world eternal. He argued (*Metaph.* viii. 8) that the world must have been eternal, because everything which is created or comes into existence comes into the "actual" out of the "possible". Thus there must always have been a fowl before an egg, as the fowl is actual while the egg is but possible.

a trinity of souls, in contradistinction to the peripatetic theory of three distinct souls, about which there was a great controversy at Oxford in 1276.

the mystical way of Pythagoras, with reference, that is, to algebra and cabbala.

26. *the philosophy of Hermes.* See *ante*, "allegorical description of Hermes", pp. 22–23.

the counsel even of the devil himself, as given in the oracles of the ancients. Γνῶθι σεαυτὸν, "Know thyself", is attributed to the Spartan Ephor, Chilon, one of the Seven Sages, who flourished 590 B.C.

28. *if not he that saith Lord, Lord, St. Matthew*, vii. 21; *St. Luke*, xiii. 25.

29. *four second causes*, viz. efficient, material, formal, and final. To these Plato adds, for a fifth, exemplar or idea.

Galen (fl. 190 A.D.) wrote many treatises on medicine and philosophy. The *De Usu Partium*, "On the Use of Parts", is his most famous work.

Suarez, Francisco (1548–1617) was a notable Spanish writer on International Law and the Catholic Creed.

29. *Natura nihil agit frustra*, "Nature does nothing in vain".

30. *Solomon chose the objects of admiration*, as illustrated in *Proverbs*, vi. 6–12.

the civility of these little citizens, their polity, civilization.

Regio Montanus, *i.e.* John de Monte Regio, who constructed a wooden eagle and an iron fly, both of which he invested with the power of motion. They are celebrated in the *La Sepmaine* of Du Bartas (1544–1590).

one in the trunk of a cedar, viz. the vegetative soul, postulated by Plato.

31. *he sweeteneth the water with a wood*, as in *Exodus*, xv. 25.

33. *nature is the art of God.* Hobbes uses this expression at the beginning of his introduction to *Leviathan*.

no exact ephemerides, no journal or intimate record of daily transactions.

Bezo las Manos, lowering of the hands.

34. *the fougade*, a small powder-mine under a fortification.

the victory of eighty-eight, that gained over the Spanish Armada.

the writing upon the wall, at Belshazzar's feast, described in *Daniel*, v. 5.

The success of that petty province of Holland. See Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*.

35. *helix*, a curve produced by winding a line around in a coil of gradually increasing radius.

37. *a wise supputation*, an account.

37. *Homer's chain*, in *Iliad*, viii. 18. Pope translates thus:

"Let down our golden everlasting chain,
Whose strong embrace holds heaven, and earth, and main".

sorites (Gr. σωρείτης, a heap), a series of elliptic syllogisms, in which the conclusion of each except the last is omitted.

38. *that other the state of Rome*, probably the second Triumvirate—that of Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus,—which was appointed in 43 B.C. Florus, the late Roman historian, says that it "shattered and mangled the commonwealth". See *Hist.* iv. 6.

having perused the archidoxes, &c., viz. the mystic prelections of Paracelsus and others, who professed to cure wounds by anointing the instrument that made them with a certain ointment.

the brazen serpent, made for curative purposes by Moses. See *Numbers*, xxi. 9.

bitumen, used for paying seams of vessels in the Levant, and forming the principal ingredient in embalming mummies.

39. *a miracle in Elias*, described in *1 Kings*, xviii. 35.

combustion of Sodom, as depicted in *Genesis*, xix. 24. Cf. Strabo's *Geography*, i. 16; and Tacitus, *History*, v. 7.

that lake before the fire of Gomorrah. Strabo, i. 16, says: "It was reported that this lake was not before the destruction of the city, which was followed by an earthquake".

That doctrine of Epicurus (d. 270 B.C.), which was that the gods, devoted to pleasure, took no share in the government of the world.

40. *That fatal necessity of the Stoics*, *i.e.* of the followers of Zeno, who flourished 260 B.C. They held that man should despise the body and cultivate only the intellect.

40. *That villain and secretary of hell*, viz. Ochinus, the unfrocked monk, who came to England in 1547, worked for the Reformation, and became a canon of Canterbury. The Socinians claim him as a partisan.

every country hath its Machiavel, &c. The philosophy of Machiavelli (1469–1527) was long misunderstood, and immediately after his death his doctrines were regarded as almost diabolical. Lucian (fl. 150 A.D.) is the famous satirical and humorous author of *Dialogues of the Gods*, *Dialogues of the Dead*, &c.

Galen. See *ante*, "Galen", 29.

three lines of Seneca, which may be translated thus: "After death there is nothing, and death itself is nothing. Death indivisible is hurtful to the body and not tolerant of life. We die altogether, and no part of us remains."

41. *the traditions of Ælian or Pliny*. Claudius Ælianus lived at Rome about the middle of the third century A.D., and wrote two miscellanies, the one on history and the other on the peculiarities of animals. Pliny's discursive *Natural History* was published about 77 A.D.

Gargantua or Bevis, the giant of Rabelais, and the romantic knight Bevis of Southampton, whose achievements are chronicled in Drayton's *Polyolbion*.

42. *whether the world was created in autumn*, &c. Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura*, v. 800, and Virgil, *Georg.* ii. 335, favour spring as the time of creation, and philosophers differ on the point. Browne expands the idea of the text in his *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, vi. 2.

most supposed abilities, *i.e.* most highly credited powers.

in Pantagruel's library, that of St. Victor, described by Pantagruel, *Rabelais*, ii. 7. One of the works is *Tartaretus*. Pierre Tartaret was a scholastic Frenchman who disputed with Duns Scotus. His works were republished in 1621.

Deucalion, King of Thessaly, and his wife, Pyrrha, are the mythical survivors of the Deluge. Lucian's

narrative of Deucalion's Flood bears a strong family resemblance to that given in *Genesis*. See also Ovid, *Metam.*, i. 7.

43. *the honest father*, viz. St. Augustine, *De Civitate Dei*, xvi. 7.

44. *by a doubtful word*, *i.e.* ἀπήγξατο, in *St. Matthew*, xxvii. 5, which may signify either suffocation or hanging. Some have tried to reconcile the passage with what is said in *Acts*, i. 18, by suggesting that the victim may not have been dead when the hanging process was interrupted. Erasmus's translation of the verse in *St. Matthew* is *abiens laqueo se suspendit*, "withdrawing, he suspended himself with a noose".

Peter knocked at the door. See *Acts*, xii. 15.

the Franciscan opponent, a divine of the order of St. Francis (1182–1226).

45. *the judgment of Ptolemy.* The Ptolemies, whose dynasty ended with Cleopatra, had a high regard for letters, and Claudius Ptolemæus, the great astronomer of Alexandria (fl. 150 A.D.), was their most distinguished kinsman.

what Philo first observed, *i.e.* Philo Judæus of Alexandria (fl. 30 A.D.), whose most important works are concerned with the books of Moses. He maintained that the fundamental truths of the Greek philosophy were derived from the Mosaic revelation. Philo is a precursor of the Neo-Platonists.

Zoroaster, the Zarathustra of the Zendavesta, a vague figure of remote antiquity, is the Zerdusht of the Persians and the founder of the Magian religion.

46. *the lost lines of Cicero.* The orator wrote several poems, especially in his earlier years. Two, of his later days, referred to his consulship and exile. Juvenal, *Satire*, x. 122, reproduces from one of these the hapless line: *O fortunatam natam me consule Romam.*

the library of Alexandria, burnt by order of Caliph Omar, 640 A.D., contained 700,000 volumes, which kept the city in fuel for six months.

46. *the perished leaves of Solomon*, mentioned in *1 Kings*, iv. 32, 33. Josephus also, *Antiq. Judaic.*, viii. 2, states that Solomon wrote on witchcraft and the casting out of devils.

Enoch's Pillars, according to legend, were erected, one of stone and another of brick, with all known learning inscribed upon them. See Josephus, *Antiq. Judaic.*, i. 3.

Pineda, a Franciscan friar, counsellor to the Inquisition, completed a catalogue of books in the principal Spanish libraries opposed to the Roman Catholic religion. This *Index novus librorum prohibitorum* was published at Seville in 1631.

three great inventions in Germany, viz. printing, gunpowder, and clocks.

utinam of my own, a personal wish.

the Samaritans could confine their belief. See Cunæus, *De Republica Hebræorum*, ii. 16.

the Jews, upon the Old Testament, in the Targums and the Talmuds. See Selden, *De Anno Civil. Veter. Judæor.*, cap. 2.

47. *Of those four members of religion*, Pagans, Mahometans, Jews, and Christians.

48. *requisites which Aristotle requires*, viz. valour and death in battle, advocated in *Nicom. Ethics*, iii. 6.

49. *The council of Constance* was held in 1414–1418. See Milner's *History of the Church*, iv. 2.

the miserable bishop, i.e. Vergilius, Bishop of Salzburg, who was burnt by order of the Archbishop of Mentz for asserting the existence of Antipodes. See D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, i. 49. The incident is variously reported.

50. *That they survived Christ*, as shown, *e.g.*, in *Acts of the Apostles*, iii. and xl.

reported by the Jesuits of their miracles, as mentioned in Southey's *History of Brazil.*

51. *how he should work contradictions.* With this passage cf. Montaigne, *Essays*, ii. 12.

why the angel of God should question Esdras, in *2 Esdras*, iv., of *The Apocrypha*.

the cross that Helena found, i.e. Flavia Julia Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, who died about 328 A.D. She is said to have found on Mt. Calvary three crosses, one of which proved to be that on which our Lord suffered, by resuscitating a dead man with its touch. See Nicephorus, *Eccles. Hist.*, viii. 29.

I excuse not Constantine (272–337 A.D.), whose adoption of Christianity was a powerful lever in his public policy. For the incident mentioned in the text, see P. Diac., *Hist. Miscell.*

52. *Baldwin, king of Jerusalem.* Baldwin I (1058–1118), Protector of the Holy Sepulchre and Baron of Jerusalem, assumed the regal title which his brother Godfrey had declined, and, with the assistance of a Genoese fleet, conquered Acre and Sidon, but failed to reduce Ascalon.

the cessation of oracles. It is noteworthy that Cicero, in the second book of his *De Divinatione*, says that oracles in his time were silent and neglected.

Plutarch allegeth, viz. that oracles depended upon exhalations from the earth, and became impossible when these ceased to be effective.

the devil himself confessed it. One of the theories regarding oracles was that they were inspired by Satan himself. The legendary response to Augustus, and the last of its order, runs thus:

> Me puer Hebræus divos Deus ipse gubernans
> Cedere sede jubet tristemque redire sub Orcum
> Aris ergo de hinc tacitus discedito nostris.

"The Hebrew child, God Himself swaying the gods, bids me yield from my seat and return within dismal Orcus. Hence, therefore, silent from our altars must thou depart."

53. *the chronicle of Hester*, the *Book of Esther*, continued from chap. x. onwards in *The Apocrypha*.

Megasthenes, a Greek writer, who was the ambassador of Seleucus Nicanor to the king of the Prassii about 300 B.C. His work on India, in four books, had long authoritative value. Pliny, Strabo, Josephus, and others quote Megasthenes.

a piece of Justin, in the *History*, book xxxvi. Justinus, an author of uncertain date, wrote *Historiarum Philippicarum Libri XLIV*, finding his material in the discursive *Historiæ Philippicæ* of Trogus Pompeius.

Moses hath outgone them all, if, that is, he is responsible for the last chapter of *Deuteronomy*.

I have ever believed . . . that there are witches, thereby agreeing with Bacon, Sir Matthew Hale, Bishop Hall, Richard Baxter, Dr. Henry More, and other distinguished thinkers. In Dr. Hutchinson's *Historical Essay on Witchcraft* there occurs a report of a curious opinion on the subject expressed by Browne in a trial conducted by Sir Matthew Hale.

nor have the power to be so much as witches. See Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, iii. 1.

54. *Antichrist should be born*, &c. See St. Austin, *De Antichristo*.

the devil doth really possess some men. See the quaint fancies in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

the maid of Germany, who is said to have lived, without food, on the smell of a rose.

55. *that sentence of Paracelsus*, in his *Treatise on Images*.

Ascendens, &c., "soaring begemmed with stars [*i.e.* having many eyes] it unveils to enquirers the wonders of nature, *i.e.* the works of God".

It was the opinion of Plato, expressed in the *Parmenides* and the *Timæus*.

56. *This is that gentle heat that brooded on the waters*, prompted by *Genesis*, i. 2.

57. *an old one of Pythagoras and Plato*, according to the Platonist Apuleius in his *De Deo Socratis*.

the first definition of Porphyry, viz. *Essentiæ rationalis immortalis*, "Essences rational and immortal". Porphyry is the Greek Neo-Platonist whose treatise against Christianity was publicly destroyed by order of the Emperor Theodosius. He died at Rome about 305 A.D.

58. *Habakkuk to the lions' den*, in the Apocryphal *Destruction of Bel and the Dragon*, verse 36.

that great Father, probably St. Augustine, *De Civitate Dei*, xi. 9, 19, 32.

59–60. *amphibium*, a being invested with two lives.

60. *whereof Moses seems to have left description*, in his account of the creation. There is a probable reference to the theory that the Biblical narrative has an allegorical significance besides its direct meaning.

the first moveable, the *primum mobile* of the philosophers, the force that communicates motion to others.

61. *Aristotle, with all his philosophy*, in his *De Cœlo*, i. 8 and 9, where he argues against the existence of other worlds.

omneity informed nullity, &c., the all-comprehensive One animated non-existence.

62. *the flat affirmative of Plato*, in *Phædo*, *Timæus*, and *Phædrus*.

not a negative from Aristotle. See *De Anima*, i. 2.

indifferency, equipoise. Cf. Locke's *Conduct of the Human Understanding*.

not of Paracelsus's mind. See D'Israeli, *Curiosities of Literature*, 2nd Series, on the "fairies of Paracelsus".

antimetathesis, inversion of the members of an antithesis: "In creating there is diffusion, in diffusion there is the act of creation".

65. *apparitions and ghosts of departed persons*. This is considered in St. Augustine's *De Cura pro Mortuis*, chap. x, *et seq*.

65. *O Adam, quid fecisti?* "what hast thou done?"

66. *Some divines*, as, *e.g.*, St. Augustine in *Homily on Genesis*.

67. *not yet without life, sense, and reason*, a view which the author is said to have urged in a lost dialogue between twins still in the womb.

that ineffable place of Paul. See *1 Corinthians* xiii. 12; xv. 50.

the perfect exaltation of gold, *i.e.* its purification, refinement.

68. *Quantum mutatus ab illo!* "How much changed from his former self!" from *Æneid*, ii. 274.

seem to outlive themselves, as illustrated in Cicero's *Dream of Scipio*.

69. *rhodomontade of Lucan*, in *Pharsalia*, vii. 819. The literal translation of the sentence is: "He is covered by the sky, who has not a tomb".

temper of crows, *i.e.* temperament, constitution.

outlive a jubilee, survive beyond fifty years.

one revolution of Saturn, which is made in thirty years.

excepting one, viz. Christian IV of Denmark, who reigned from 1588 to 1647.

contemporary to three emperors, &c., Rodolph II, Matthias, Ferdinand II, Emperors of Germany; Achmet I, Mustapha I, Othman II, Amurath IV, Grand Signiors; Leo XI, Paul V, Gregory XV, Urban VIII, Popes.

shaken hands with delight, bid it good-bye.

71. *Cicero's ground*, stated in *Epist.* xxiv. 24.

Æson's bath, by which he regained his youth, as described by Ovid, *Metam.*, vii. 2.

72. *destroy it before six thousand.* The Talmud assigns to Elias the rabbinical tradition that the world will last six thousand years.

two verses of Lucan, in *Pharsalia*, iv. 519: "And the gods conceal from those entering upon life that it is fortunate to die, in order to harden them for living".

72. *the philosophy of Zeno*, who lived in the third century B.C., and founded the school of the Stoics.

73. *suicide of Cato*, viz. Cato Uticensis, who committed suicide after the battle of Thapsus, 46 B.C. His career and character prompted eulogies from Cicero and Lucan, and gave Addison material for his imposing drama.

valiant acts of Curtius, &c. Tradition says that in 362 B.C. Curtius leapt his horse into the chasm at the Roman forum and appeased the gods. Scævola, with unflinching endurance, suffered the burning of his right hand in presence of King Porsenna, and by his courage led that ruler to see that it was futile to attempt the conquest of the Romans. About 1068 B.C., Codrus, the last king of Athens, voluntarily sacrificed himself to save his dominion from the Dorians.

no torture to the rack of a disease, *i.e.* by comparison with.

Emori nolo, &c. From Epicharmus, in Cicero's *Tuscul. Quæst.*, i. 1.

Were I of Cæsar's religion, viz. that death is best when sudden and unexpected, as reported in Suetonius, *Life of Cæsar*, 87.

74. *the stoic is in the right*, in his view, that is, that death is the last of pains, and should not be feared.

horæ combustæ, the astrological name for the time when the moon is in conjunction and obscured by the sun.

75. *Rhadamanthos*, one of the mythical judges in Hades.

whence Lucan learned. With some notable exceptions, the Stoics held that the world would be destroyed by fire. The quotation is from *Pharsalia*, vii. 814.

Some believe there went not a minute to the world's creation, as, *e.g.*, St. Augustine on *Genesis*, and in *De Civitate Dei*, ii. 7.

76. *the Scripture seems to imply.* See *Acts*, xvii. 31; *2 Timothy*, iv. 1.

76. *also manifest impiety*, being in direct disregard of the assurance given in *St. Matthew*, xxiv. 36.

Elias's six thousand years. See *ante*, "destroy it before six thousand", p 72.

the devil of Delphi, the oracle of Apollo. See *ante*, "the devil himself confessed it".

some strange amphibology, some statement so ingeniously devised as to be capable, like the oracles, of giving two contradictory meanings. This is the *fallacia amphiboliæ* of logicians.

to fulfil old prophecies, such as that in *St. Matthew*, xxiv. 11.

wars, and rumours of wars. See *St. Matthew*, xxiv. 6; *St. Mark*, xiii. 7. For the "signs in the moon and stars" presently mentioned, see *St. Luke*, xxi. 25.

77. *lingering expostulation of the saints*, in *Psalms*, vi. 3, xc. 13; *Revelation*, vi. 10.

78. *but a cold principle*, held by the Stoics. *Pretium sui est* occurs in Seneca, *De Vita beata*, chap. 9. Cf. Cicero, *Tuscul. Quæst.*, ii.

that honest artifice of Seneca, in *Epist.*, i. 11.

impieties of Lucian, Euripides, and Julian, of whom the first two traversed Pagan mythology, while the third, the Apostate (331–363 A.D.), vainly combated Christianity.

80. *from the ashes of a plant revive the plant*, an experiment that seems to have had a special attraction for Sir Thomas Browne, as is shown in his Correspondence. On this *Palingenesis*, as it is called, there is an interesting passage in D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature.*

in a dream, as Ezekiel, in chap. xxxvii.

necessary mansions, i.e. inevitable, as in "death, a necessary end", *Julius Cæsar*, ii. 2. 36.

That elegant apostle, viz. St. Paul, as indicated in *2 Corinthians*, xii. 2. For the "negative description" see *1 Corinthians*, ii. 9.

81. *St. John's description*, in *Revelation*, xxi.

the soul of man may be in heaven anywhere. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, i. 253:

"The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n".

in the empyreal, or empyrean, the highest heaven, anciently supposed to contain the pure element of fire, and to be situated beyond the spheres or transparent series of shells in which the heavenly bodies were conceived to be arranged.

Moses . . . committed a gross absurdity. See *Exodus*, xxxiii. 18.

82. *according to Aristotle's philosophy*, expounded in the *Physics*.

purify the substance of a soul. Considering the same difficulty, some have argued that the fallen angels must have bodies.

those flames of sulphur mentioned in the Scriptures, as in *Psalm* cvi. 18; *St. Luke*, xvi. 24.

83. *burnt the golden calf into powder. Exodus*, xxxii. 20.

84. *things that are in posse*, that may possibly be realized.

little compendium of the sixth day, man.

in the same method that Mahomet doth heaven, *i.e.* in heightened terms of earthly conception. Mahomet's Paradise is a gorgeous pleasure-ground. See *The Koran* and commentators.

stand in diameter with, in comparison with. See *ante*, "I have shaken hands with", p. 69.

84–85. *those flaming mountains*, Etna and Vesuvius, popularly believed to be the mouths of hell.

85. *Anaxagoras conceited worlds.* Probably the author intended to write Anaxarchus, with reference to that phllosopher's cosmical statement, by which Alexander the Great was brought to tears on reflecting that

his conquests could not be extended to other worlds than ours.

85. *every devil is a hell unto himself.* Cf. *ante*, "the soul of man may be in heaven anywhere", p. 81.

88. *that one simile of St. Paul*, in *Romans*, ix. 20.

Aristotle transgressed, in his being something of a coxcomb, libertine, and political time-server.

89. *Phalaris's bull*, a brazen structure within which Phalaris (fl. 570 B.C.), King of Agrigentum, proposed to roast criminals. Its inventor, at the tyrant's instigation, was the first victim.

The sceptics. Their maxim was:

> Nihil sciri siquis putat, id quoque nescit,
> An sciri possit, quod se nil scire fatetur,

that is: "Whoever thinks nothing can be known, knows not even whether his own conclusion is true, for he admits that he knows nothing".

Diogenes, viz. the Cynic who inhabited the tub, and said that Alexander could do him a favour by standing out of his sunshine.

The Duke of Venice. The Venetians hold that Pope Alexander III confirmed their superiority over the Adriatic by his declaration to the doge in these terms: "Que la mer vous soit soumise comme l'épouse l'est à son épouse, puisque vous en avez acquis l'empire par la victoire". Yearly, on Ascension Day, the Duke and Senate used formally to claim the sea as their spouse by casting a ring into the water at Lio.

the philosopher that threw his money into the sea, viz. Apollonius Tyanæus, *i.e.* of Tyana in Cappadocia. He threw into the sea a large amount of gold, with the remark: *Pessundo divitias, ne pessunder ab illis*, "I sink my wealth, not to be sunk by it".

the veney of another, the attack or hit as in fencing. Cf. "three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes", *Merry Wives of Windsor*, i. 1. 298. Shakespeare also has the form "venew". The modern spelling is "venue".

by the book, formally, according to regulation.

90. *that wise man Chiron*, the sage of the Centaurs, friend of Hercules, and tutor of Peleus, Achilles, Diomedes, and other distinguished Greek heroes.

Strabo's cloak, *i.e.* the *chlamys*, or military cloak, to which Strabo (fl. 20 A.D.) compared the habitable world of his time in his *Geography*, ii. 5.

91. *the atomist, or familist*, the religious sect known as "the family of love", which began to be noticeable about 1575, holding doctrines promulgated by Henry Nicholas, a Dutchman. See Neal's *History of the Puritans*, i. 273.

92. *seeking whom they may devour*, prompted by *1 Peter*, v. 8.

sentence Solomon, as St. Augustine does on consideration of *Psalm* cxxvii and other suggestive texts. Cf. Bellarmine, *Controv.*, i. 1. 5.

That name and compellation of "little flock", from *St. Luke*, xii. 32.

93. *the precept of St. Paul*, in *Philippians*, ii. 12.

beneplacet of God, *i.e.* His good-will, decision.

"Before Abraham was, I am," *St. John*, viii. 58.

It was decreed by God, *Judges*, vii. 5.

94. *if our Saviour could object*, *i.e.* propose, urge, as in the expression "it is well objected" in *1 Henry VI*, ii. 3. 43.

PART II

95. *the Jews for locusts and grasshoppers.* Ancient Ethiopians, Parthians, and modern Arabs are all credited with living largely on locusts, which also formed a substantial part of John the Baptist's food in the desert (*St. Mark*, i. 6).

96. *born in the eighth climate*, or region between two circles parallel to the equator. Sir John Maundeville reckoned that there were seven climates, corresponding to the seven planets (*Travels*, p. 186). The eighth climate was that of the fixed stars, and the ninth that of the *primum mobile*.

96. *more prodigious than hydra*, the water-snake slain by Hercules.

set down by Solomon in canonical Scripture, in accordance with the complaint of *Psalm* ii. 1, "the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing".

a rabble even amongst the gentry. Stobæus (*Serm.* 84) reports a saying of Socrates to the effect that a man is known by his character, not by his birth or social standing.

97. *their purses compound for their follies.* Cf. Horace, *Epist.*, i. 6. 37: *Et genus et formam regina Pecunia donat*, "The sovereign Money confers both family and beauty".

Doradoes, from Spanish *Dorado*, gilt-head.

98. *oweth more to passion*, *i.e.* suffering.

99. *hang as signs or bushes*, the reference being to the vintners' tufts of ivy, the "ivye garland" of Gascoigne's *Steele Glass*. Hence comes the proverb quoted in the Epilogue to *As You Like It*, that "good wine needs no bush".

chiromancy, or palmistry, is discussed with a measure of reserve in Sir Thomas Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, v. 23.

counterfeit Egyptians, gipsies.

101. *To be reserved and caitiff.* The use of "caitiff" in the sense of *niggardly* is an instance of the transition that frequently occurs when two ideas are inseparably associated. The meanness of Spenser's "caytive wretched thralls" (*Faerie Queene*, i. 5. 45) is allied to the base selfishness of the miserly spirit.

I study not for my own sake only, thus worthily ranking himself with Chaucer's Clerk of Oxenford in his generosity of spirit. "Gladly wolde he learne and gladly teche" is this typical scholar's commendation.

102. *what a βατραχομυομαχία*, "battle of frogs and mice". The reference is to Lucian's dialogue, *Judicium Vocalium*, in which the Vowels hear Sigma complain that Tau has deprived him of words that should really be in his ranks.

102. *the genitive case in Jupiter*, the dispute being whether the correct form is *Jovis* or *Jupitris*.

to salve that of Priscian, viz. Priscianus Cæsariensis (fl. 450 A.D.), author of a famous work on grammar, dedicated to his patron, the consul Julianus. Grammatical controversies proverbially stimulate heat and rancour.

Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus, "Were he on earth Democritus would laugh", from Horace, *Epist.*, ii. 1. 194.

Actius's razor. The reference is to Attus Navius, and his cutting through a whetstone with a razor when challenged to the feat by Tarquinius Priscus. See Livy, i. 36.

their pens carry further, &c. For illustrations see "Literary Controversy" in D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*.

the shock of a basilisco, the lizard whose look caused death. Says Posthumus in *Cymbeline*, ii. 4. 107: "It is a basilisk unto mine eye, Kills me to look on't".

103. *Le mutin Anglois*, &c. The Englishman is obstinate, the Scotsman a pretentious bully, the Italian unclean, and the Frenchman a fool; while the Roman is cowardly, the Gascon a thief, the Spaniard proud, and the German drunken.

St. Paul . . . upon quotation of their own poet, in *Titus*, i. 12. The quotation is from the epic poet Epimenides, and probably from his work on oracles, mentioned by St. Jerome.

Nero's was in another, expressed before the burning of Rome (Suetonius, *Life of Nero*, 38). The following sentence is less suited to Nero than Caligula, who wished "that the people of Rome had but one neck, that he might destroy them all at a blow".

104. *Democritus . . . Heraclitus*, the laughing and the weeping philosopher.

105. *Non occides*, "thou shalt not kill".

every man is his own Atropos, the third of the

sisters Moiræ, or Fates, and the one whose function it was to snap the thread of life.

107. *Damon and Pythias*, &c. The former pair of friends illustrated the strength and beauty of mutual devotion under the tyranny of Dionysius I of Syracuse; the latter figure conspicuously in the *Iliad*.

108. *when I am from him*, *i.e.* apart from him. Cf. "Anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing", *Hamlet*, iii. 2. 22.

109. *the toll of a passing-bell*, sounded at the approach of death, in order that those within hearing might pray for the passing soul.

the story of the Italian, who constrained an opponent to blaspheme God, and then killed him lest he should have time to repent (J. W. Bund).

the . . . votes of hell, *i.e.* "the voices or prayers of hell".

110. *buffet St. Paul.* See *2 Corinthians*, xii. 7. *Sharp* is a rapier or pointed weapon. Johnson in his *Dictionary* quotes from Collier: "If butchers had but the manners to go to sharps, gentlemen would be contented with a rubber at cuffs".

the battle of Lepanto, between Don John of Austria and the Turkish fleet in 1571.

scape of infirmity, freak due to weakness. Cf. "scapes committed by negligence", North's *Plutarch*, p. 206.

111. *Nero in his spintrian recreations*, in his fire-raising. "Spintrian" is coined from Gr. σπινθήρ, a spark, and does not seem to have received the recognition of lexicographers.

112. *I thank God*, &c. Isaac Watts discovered in this passage "arrogant temerity", his criticism showing that he attributed to the author's remarks a more comprehensive significance than they are designed to bear. Browne refers to literary pride, and is justified in what he says of himself.

the first and father-sin, the pride that ruined

Lucifer, son of the morning. "By that sin fell the angels." Cf. "Pride goeth before destruction", *Proverbs*, xvi. 18.

113. *the opinion of Socrates*, in Plato's *Apologia Socratis*. See also Diog. Laert., *Life of Socrates*, ii.

Homer pined away, according to a legend stated by Plutarch.

the flux and reflux of the Euripus, which baffled him to explain. The tradition is recorded in Strabo, ix.; Pliny, ii. 97; Cicero, *De Natura Deorum*, iii. See Sir Thomas Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, vii. 13.

peripatetics, &c., the great philosophical schools of ancient Greece. The *Sceptics* deny the possibility of science, or such exact knowledge as will produce absolute conviction.

stand like Janus, facing both ways.

Solomon, that complained of ignorance, in *Proverbs*, i.–ix.

114. *it is but attending a little longer*, as St. Paul, with an even higher aim, argues in *1 Corinthians*, xiii. 12. From Jortin's *Tracts*, ii. 533, Wilkin quotes the remark that "good men will probably have better opportunities to study it [natural philosophy] in a future state".

procreate like trees. Cf. Montaigne, *Essays*, iii. 5.

115. *well-ordered motions, and regular paces*. Cf. the majestic strains of *Psalm* xix. 1–4, and Addison's stately hymn: *The spacious firmament on high*.

even that vulgar and tavern-music. In his *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, p. 106, De Quincey eulogizes this passage, along with the opening lines of *The Tempest*, as the "one thing said adequately on the subject of music in all literature". In addition to its sublimity, he says, it "has also a philosophic value, inasmuch as it points to the true theory of musical effects".

I will not say with Plato, in the *Timæus*, chap. 28.

116. *Tacitus, in the very first line of his story*, viz. the *Annals*, which opens with the sentence, *Urbem Romam in principio reges habuere*, "Kings held the city of Rome at the beginning".

116. *Cicero . . . a perfect hexameter*, the second clause of the first sentence in the speech for Archias, closing with the rhythmic concession regarding oratory, *in qua me non infitior mediocriter esse versatum*, "in which I do not deny that I am moderately versed". As Hottomann pointed out, the hexameter runs from *in qua* to *esse* inclusive. For reference to the orator's poetical quality, see *ante*, "the lost lines of Cicero", p. 46.

sordid and unchristian desires of my profession, such as are assigned to the faculty by Seneca in *De Benefic.*, vi. 38: *Medicis gravis annus in questu est*, "Doctors are on the outlook for a calamitous year".

If general councils may err, as eight of them did about Arianism, as stated by Bodinus, *De Republica*, iv. 7.

117. *the sin against the Holy Ghost.* See *St. Matthew*, xii. 31; *St. Mark*, iii. 29; *St. Luke*, xii. 10.

Magnæ virtutes, nec minora vitia, "the virtues are great, the failings not less".

it is the posy of the best natures, like the motto on a ring.

antiperistasis, the principle by which one quality is contrasted with another to deepen its significance.

118. *the man without a navel*, Adam, as not born of a woman.

nunquam minus solus quàm cum solus, "Never less alone than when alone", from Cicero, *De Officiis*, iii.

119. *the concourse of God*, the concurrence.

above Atlas's shoulders, on which the globe is poised.

120. *Ruat cælum, fiat voluntas tua*, "Let the heaven fall, if Thy will be done".

121. *the watery sign of Scorpio*, the eighth zodiacal constellation (see *ante*, "born in the eighth climate", p. 96). In astrology the sign was considered ominous of war and calamity, and was described as being of "watery triplicity", and liable to set amid tempests with an accompaniment of autumnal diseases. The alchemists held that iron could not be transmuted into gold except when the Sun was in Scorpio.

121. *in the planetary hour of Saturn*, when the influence of the dull white planet prevailed. Anciently "Saturn" was a name given to lead; hence comes the "leaden planet" of the text. Cf. Pope's "new Saturnian age of lead", *Dunciad*, i. 28.

galliardize, merriment, mirth. Johnson quotes this as a solitary use of the word.

a singular tract of sleep, one of several appendices added to the treatise *On the Soul*.

122. *We term sleep a death.* Homer associates the two forces, which Pope, in his version of *Iliad*, xvi. 831, presents as "sleep and death, two twins of winged race". Cf. "Sleep . . . the death of each day's life", *Macbeth*, ii. 2. 39.

slew his soldier in his sleep. The anecdote is told not of Themistocles but Iphicrates. He slew a sleeping sentinel, and said: "I found him asleep, and I have left him so".

123. *distributive justice.* Sir Thomas Elyot writes in *The Governor*, p. 142: "Justice, though it be but one entire virtue, yet is described in two kinds—one, named *justice distributive*, which is in distribution of honour, money, benefice, or other thing semblable; the other is called *commutative*, or by exchange".

that common principle, stated in *St. Luke*, vi. 31.

124. *hellebore*, considered a specific against madness.

its prepared substance, gold in solution, the *Aurum Potabile* of chemists, referred to in *Vulgar Errors*, iii. 22.

Aristotle is too severe, in the *Ethics*. See also *Rhetoric*, i. 5. 6.

125. *He that giveth to the poor*, &c. The reference is to *Proverbs*, xix. 17: "He that hath pity upon the poor", &c.

centos, patched garments; hence applied metaphorically to passages from different authors arranged in a new order.

126. *the prophecy of Christ*, "For ye have the poor always with you", *St. Matthew*, xxvi. 11; *St. Mark*, xiv. 7; *St. John*, xii. 8.

127. *as Copernicus will have it*, on his theory that the sun is the centre of the universe.

crambe, crambo, a rhyming game in which the competitor who introduces a repetition is subjected to a forfeit.

that repeated verity and burthen, in *Ecclesiastes*.

Aristotle, whilst he labours, &c. See *Eudem. Eth.*, i. 8; *Metaph.*, i. 7.

his summum bonum. See *Eudem. Eth.*, i. and ii.; *De Moribus*, i. 7, 8.

a story out of Pliny, &c., and therefore fabulous.

HYDRIOTAPHIA

Epistle Dedicatory

131. *Thomas Le Gros, of Crostwick*, was descended from an ancient family that had settled at Sloly, near Crostwick, in the reign of Stephen, and had become owners of Crostwick in the time of Henry VIII. The grandfather of Sir Thomas Browne's friend was knighted by James I in 1603. The nephew of Thomas Le Gros sold the estate to the Walpoles in 1720.

the last valediction, the third and final expression of farewell made by the retiring mourners.

like the ruins of Pompey's, the author's quotation signifying: "Asia and Europe hold Pompey's young men, but himself Libya has covered under ground". Assassinated in Egypt, whither he had fled after Pharsalia in 48 B.C., Pompey was hastily buried by his freedman Philippus.

between yourself and the pole, as Crostwick Hall, some twenty miles from the north coast of Norfolk, looks straight towards the Arctic Ocean.

the bones of Theseus, son of Ægeus, and the great legendary hero of Attica. Although he is almost certainly an imaginary personage, his bones are said to have been discovered by Cimon in Scyros, in 469 B.C., and to have been deposited in a specially consecrated temple at Athens.

133. *supinity of elder days*, *i.e.* supineness, indifference. Browne uses this form again in *Vulgar Errors*, i. 5.

Great examples grow thin, or scarce. Cf. "extremely thin of people" in Addison's treatise *On Italy*.

one handsome Venus. The reference is probably to the masterpiece of Zeuxis, whose Helen of Troy represents the five most beautiful maidens of Croton.

134. *remembering the early civility*, *i.e.* civilization. Cf. "Great monarchies have risen from barbarism to civility", Davies, *On Ireland*.

CHAPTER I

136. *buried but one*, viz. Moses, as recorded in *Deuteronomy*, xxxiv. 6.

contest between Satan and the archangel, mentioned in *Jude*, 9.

137. *formal obsequies of Patroclus, and Achilles*. See *Iliad*, xviii., and *Odyssey*, xxiv.

in the Theban war, immortalized by the tragic stories associated with Œdipus and his family. See the dramas of Sophocles, the *Seven Against Thebes* of Æschylus, the *Phœnissæ* of Euripides, and the *Thebaid* of Statius.

the funeral pyre of Hector, described in *Iliad*, xxiv.

Penthesilea, the Amazonian queen, who assisted the Trojans after the death of Hector, and was slain by Achilles. Her funeral rites are variously described.

the reign of Julian, 361–363 A.D.

Herulians, Heruli or Eruli, of German origin, invaded the Roman empire along with the Goths in the time of Gallienus (262 A.D.). The *Getes*, Getæ or Daci, dwelt by the mouths of the Danube.

beside the old table laws, XII. Tabulæ, Part I., &c.: "You shall neither bury nor burn a dead person within the city".

137. *Numa*, second king of Rome. See Livy, *Hist.*, i. 21.

the description of Ovid, viz. "the last flame being advanced was applied to the pyre".

Cornelius Sylla, or Sulla, the dictator, died 78 B.C. in his sixtieth year.

138. *Poppæa*, Nero's second wife, to whom he dedicated a gorgeous temple.

Thales (d. about 546 B.C.), the Ionic philosopher, held that all things arise out of water and resolve themselves into the same element. In the lists of the Seven Sages his name seems to have stood at the head.

a moist relentment, a watery dissolution. *Relentment* (Lat. *re*, back; *lentus*, slack) is so rare in this sense that it is not recognized by Johnson. Modern lexicographers explain it as signifying "the art of relenting".

the doctrine of Heraclitus (fl. 513 B.C.), viz. that fire, "a self-kindled and self-extinguished" fluid—barely distinguishable from the air of Anaximenes — is the primary form of matter. His work is entitled Περὶ φύσεως, *On Nature*.

Marius, Caius (157–86 B.C.), was seven times consul. His rivalry with Sylla is one of the most striking episodes of history.

140. *Ajax Oileus*, the lesser Ajax, son of Oileus, King of the Locrians, was drowned, according to Homer, for disregard of the gods, when crossing the Ægean homeward from Troy. See also Virgil, *Æneid*, i. 41. The ἐξαπόλωλε of Magius signifies "he perished utterly".

141. *pile in Ecbatana*, capital of the Median kingdom, near the foot of Mt. Orontes. Κατασκεύασμα θαυμασίως πεποιημένον, "a structure admirably elaborated".

142. *fasciations* (Lat. *fascia*, a band), fillets, bandages. Cf. "Even diadems themselves were but fasciations", *Garden of Cyrus*, ii.

143. *the last conclamation*, such as concluded the three calls of farewell uttered after funeral rites by Roman mourners.

CHAPTER II

144. *old Walsingham*, in the north of Norfolk. Close by is Walsingham, with ruins of the Augustinian Priory, in which was the famous image of the Virgin known as "Our Lady of Walsingham".

some kind of opal, probably a crystal globe, of the kind often found in urns.

145. *the manes*, the shades, departed spirits.

the æra, the brazen statues.

Burnham, in Somerset. See *ante*, author's note on Brancaster, p 147.

the new institution of Constantine, who made the Empire Christian. He reigned 323–337 A.D.

in the time of Claudius, &c., between 41 and 211 A.D.

145–146. *Boadicea . . . fought the last decisive battle*, in 61 A.D.

146. *conquest of Agricola*, 78–85 A.D.

if the Iceni were but Gammadims, &c. Their name, however, is from Iken, the old name of the Ouse, whence came Ikenild Street, Ikenthorpe, &c.

147. *the Itinerary of Antoninus*, a valuable work on the topography of the Roman empire, begun *temp.* Julius Cæsar, and probably revised and completed under the Antonines.

whether implying Iceni, &c. The *Iceni* inhabited Norfolk and Suffolk, the *Durotriges* Dorsetshire and the west of Somersetshire, and the *Trinobantes* modern Essex.

149. *Macrobius . . . in his days*, *i.e.* in the beginning of the fifth century, in the reign of Theodosius the younger. See Macrobius, *Saturnal. Conviv.*, vii. 7.

it ceased with the Antonini, *i.e.* Antoninus Pius, who reigned from 138 to 161, and his adopted son, M. Aurelius Antoninus, the philosopher, who succeeded him and reigned till 180.

Heliogabalus, Elagabalus, whose troops in 218 saluted

him as sovereign, with the title M. Aurelius Antoninus. He reigned till 222.

149. *after Tertullian*, the earliest of the Latin fathers, who produced his *Apologia*, in defence of Christianity, probably in the reign of Septimius Severus (193–211 A.D.).

in the days of Minucius, *i.e.* M. Minucius Felix, a Roman lawyer, who flourished about 230 A.D., and produced an Apology for Christianity under the title *Octavius*.

150. *burying-place of Abraham*, *Genesis*, xxiii. 4.

Cynthia, the mistress of Propertius, Latin elegiast of the Augustan age. For the incident mentioned in the text, see *Eleg.*, vii. 292.

151. *the monument of Childerick the First.* Commentators dispute this assumption, holding that the ring bearing the king's name "betrays evident signs of forgery, the letters not being of Gothic form, but modern Roman".

the circumcision knives which Joshua also buried. See *Joshua*, v.

letter which Cicero expected. The orator's brother Quintus, in 55 B.C., was a legatus with Cæsar in Gaul. Although Sir Thomas Browne elsewhere assumes that the letter has been discovered, there is nothing of Quintus extant but an address to his brother on the subject of the Consulship.

152. *expressed by Pomponius*, *i.e.* Pomponius Mela, whose *De Situ Orbis* is a geographical work on the world as it was known to the ancient Romans. He says that the Druids, as they looked to a future state, burned and interred with the bodies of the dead such things as they stood in need of in life. See *De Situ Orbis*, iii. 2. 21.

Polydorus, *i.e.* Polydore Vergil, the Italian, whose fanciful *Historiæ Anglicæ Libri XXVII* appeared in 1534–1555.

from the account of Tacitus, in *Life of Agricola*.

Gaguinus, *i.e.* Robert Gaguin, a mediæval French writer of Latin epistles. Erasmus depreciates his Latinity.

Saxo and Olaus, Saxo Grammaticus (d. 1208), the

greatest of Danish chroniclers; and Olaus Magnus, the writer on natural history.

152. *asserted by Tacitus*, in *Germania*, chap. 27.

153. *Ausgurius the Gaul, i.e.* Ansgar (Anscharius), the Apostle of the North, who was born in Picardy in 801, and died at Bremen in 865. He baptized the Danish king, Harold Klak, in 826.

154. *Rollo . . . Normandy.* Charles the Simple, in 912, ceded to Rollo the district bounded by the Channel, the Seine, and the Epte, thus inaugurating Normandy.

CHAPTER III

156. *the house of Mausolus*, the costly monument raised by Artemisia to her husband, Mausolus, King of Caria, who died in 353 B.C. From him it was called the Mausoleum.

preferred by Varro (116–28 B.C.), the "most learned of the Romans". In the extant books of his *De Lingua Latina* there is much curious information regarding the ancient usages, both civil and religious, of the Romans.

after a serious view and sentence on that which should contain him, viz. χωρήσεις τὸν ἄνθρωπον, "containing the man, which the civilized world did not have room for".

156–157. *the Homerical urn of Patroclus.* The "solid tegument" was of gold, and the covering was a shroud of fine linen. See *Iliad*, xviii. 253.

157. *Opimian wine.* The year in which Lucius Opimius was consul, 121 B.C., was remarkable for extraordinary heat in the autumn, and the consequence was that the vintage was of an exceptional quality. The wine long remained celebrated as the *Vinum Opimianum.*

in the must (Lat. *mustum*, new wine), in the state of unfermented juice.

served to fasten their teeth. The note with the passage from the *Twelve Tables* is: "Put in no gold, but where teeth are fastened with gold there will be no irregularity in burying and burning the body with it".

159. *In the monument of King Childerick.* See *ante*, "the monument of Childerick the First", p. 151.

the urn of Philopœmen (252–183 B.C.), the famous general of the Achæan league.

160. *Esquiline Port at Rome*, the district that included the Esquiline and Viminal hills.

161. *D.M.*, *diis Manibus*, "to the divine Shades".

pateras, bowls.

hypogæum (Gr. *ὑπό*, under; *γῆ*, the earth), the underground part of a building, vaults, cellars, &c.

Anthony and Jerome. St. Antony the Great, Antony of Thebes, the founder of monachism, died in 356 A.D. His Life was written by Athanasius. St. Jerome, the most learned of the Latin fathers, died in 420 A.D. A famous controversialist and biblical commentator, he was mainly responsible for the Vulgate Bible as it now stands.

162. *Vision of Ezekiel*, chap. xxxvii.

Laertius, *i.e.* Diogenes Laertius, author of *Lives of the Philosophers*, who probably lived in the second century A.D.

Euripides had his tomb. "Africa" of the earlier texts should, of course, be *Attica*.

163. *terra damnata*, doomed earth.

Plato's historian of the other world. For Plato's conception of the state after death, see the *Phædo*, 109.

Pyrrhus's toe, which rumour said could not be burned.

164. *Some bones make best skeletons*, &c. Proof of this has been got from the opening of barrows. See *Nænia Britannia*.

hydropical Heraclitus, the "weeping philosopher" of Ephesus, who flourished about 513 B.C.

165. *a piece of an old boat.* See previous note on death of Pompey, "like the ruins of Pompey's", p. 131.

cupels, chemical vessels, of earth, ashes, or burned bones, in which assay-masters try metals.

166. *must not seek them in the ruins of temples.* There is evidence, however, that the Greeks and other ancient peoples had tombs within temples. See, *e.g.*, Valerius Maximus, viii. 16.

in the days of Cuthred, who is himself said to have been the first buried in a church in England. King of the West Saxons, he died in 754.

a certain posture were to be admitted. The *tumuli* lie north and south. See *Nænia Britannia.*

167. *the Megarians and Phœnicians.* The former, however, are said to have observed no certain rule. See Ælian, *Var. Hist.*, vii. 19. Early authorities differ about the Athenians.

the crosses found by Helena. See *ante*, "the cross that Helena found", p. 51.

In an hydropical body, &c. The substance described here came to be called "adipocere" by chemists, and its discovery is considered Sir Thomas Browne's most considerable contribution to science.

CHAPTER IV

170. *scoffingly recorded by Pliny*, who substantially says: "A similar folly of coming to life again was promised by Democritus, who has not lived a second time himself. What madness is it, look you, to hold that life is repeated through death?"

171. *the expression of Phocylides*, to the effect that we hope to rise from earth into light.

who would expect from Lucretius, &c., his reflection embodying the assurance that what is originally of the earth returns thither. Cf. *Ecclesiastes*, iii. 20.

distinction of Demas and Soma, respectively *living body* and *corpse.*

careless of corporeal interment, suggesting, indeed, that his body might be utilized as a scarecrow.

The Stoics. See Lipsi, *Physiol. Stoic.*, iii. 11.

Pythagoreans and transcorporating philosophers, who believed in the transmigration of souls.

172. *Their last valediction*, viz. "Farewell, farewell, may we follow thee in such order as nature will grant!" Browne quotes somewhat loosely from *Serv. ad Æneid.*, iii. 68.

They made use of music. See *St. Matthew*, xi. 17.

173. *They burnt not children before their teeth appeared.* See *Nænia Britannia*, on Children found in graves.

by a common opinion, expressed in the appeal quoted in the note: *Tu manes ne læde meos*, "Vex not my shade".

174. *warm cadavers, i.e.* corpses. "At least", notes the essayist, "by some difference from living eyes."

the Elysian ferryman, Charon, who rowed the shades across the Styx.

175. *self-killers.* In the *Ajax* of Sophocles, Menelaus and Agamemnon oppose the burial of Ajax because he had committed suicide.

Why the female ghosts appear unto Ulysses, &c. For references in this and the next paragraph, see *Odyssey*, xi.

176. *the dead are made to eat asphodels*, in Lucian.

Sibylla tells Æneas, in *Æneid*, vi.

Ajax, in Homer . . . Deiphobus, in *Odyssey*, xi. and *Æneid*, vi. respectively.

177. *How Hercules's soul is in hell*, &c. The ancients believed that man consisted of three parts—body, soul (eidolon), and spirit. Thus the eidolon was in Hades while the spirit was in Olympus.

seen by Æneas in hell, in *Æneid*, vi.

A dialogue between two infants. See *ante*, *Religio Medici*, p. 67, "not yet without life, sense, and reason".

Plato's den, the cave within which an observer, with his back to the opening, observes the shadows that flit across the opposite wall. Of such, avers the philosopher, is the character of our scientific knowledge.

Epicurus is most considerable. Those who con-

demn Epicurus for his advocacy of Pleasure as man's supreme good are prone to overlook the philosopher's definition of his term, and especially to neglect his assertion that an indispensable preliminary to the ideal state is the possession of *φρόνησις*, purpose, prudence.

178. *the judgment of Machiavel*, who was very partially judged in Sir Thomas Browne's days. Clement VII patronized the publication of his works, which the Council of Trent presently condemned as unfit to be read by Christians. See Macaulay's Essay on Machiavelli.

179. *against that cold potion*, viz. the hemlock which he was constrained to drink. See Plato's *Apologia of Socrates*.

Cato . . . the immortality of Plato. Fearing the results of the overthrow of Scipio by Cæsar at Thapsus, Cato Uticensis voluntarily ended his life in 46 B.C. He had previously passed the better part of a night reading Plato's *Phædo*, the theme of which is immortality.

CHAPTER V

181. *Sic ego componi*, "Thus I could wish verses composed for my remains", Tibullus, *Eleg.*, iii. 2. 26.

some old philosophers would honour them, as, *e.g.*, in the *Chaldæan Oracles*: "Necessarily the spirits of those who have left the body are thoroughly purified".

182. *What song the Syrens sang.* See the version in *Odyssey*, xii. 184, beginning thus in Pope's translation:

> "Stay, oh pride of Greece, Ulysses, stay!
> O, cease thy course, and listen to our lay!"

puzzling questions, *κλυτὰ ἔθνεα νεκρῶν*, "famous tribes of the dead".

183. *finding no Atropos.* See *ante*, *Religio Medici*, p. 105, "every man is his own Atropos".

184. *One face of Janus*, the Roman god of the gate who faced both ways.

this setting part of time. Bacon and others besides Browne hint that the world is in its declining age.

185. *inscriptions like many in Gruter*, a sixteenth-century professor at Heidelberg, whose *Corpus Inscriptionum* is a work of singular merit. See Hallam's *European Literature*, ii. 387.

a frigid ambition in Cardan, viz. "I could wish to be recognized because I am. I have no desire that my character should be known."

entelechia (Gr. ἐντελέχεια), entelechy, actual as distinguished from potential existence.

Herostratus, the Ephesian who burned the famous temple on the night Alexander the Great was born, 356 B.C. The incident is thus set in Colley Cibber's version of *Richard III*, iii. 1:

> "The aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome
> Outlives in fame the pious fool that raised it".

Thersites, the inveterate grumbler in the *Iliad*.

186. *the Lucina of life*, the goddess of light, therefore the one who presides at birth; a surname of both Juno and Diana.

even Pagans could doubt, with reference to a saying of Euripides.

and have our light in ashes, according to the custom of the Jews, who place a lighted wax candle in a pot of ashes by the corpse (Leo).

the brother of death, viz. sleep, so designated by poets, from Homer to Shelley.

187. *vanity, feeding the wind, and folly*. Cf. with Revised Version of *Ecclesiastes*, i. 14: "All is vanity and a striving after wind". This is the drift of the author's note on the passage.

Mummy is become merchandise, &c., being sold by Jews in those days for physic.

188. *Nimrod is lost*, &c., heroes have become stars or constellations.

with Phæton's favour, *i.e.* the son of Sol, who caused confusion and wrought his own overthrow by insisting on driving his father's chariot. See Ovid's *Metam.*, ii. 1.

189. *But man is a noble animal*, &c., quoted with approbation at the opening of his *Colloquies* by Southey, who plausibly suggests "infimy" for *infamy* in the closing phrase of the sentence.

Sardanapalus, last king of Nineveh, whose death is assigned to 376 B.C. See Byron's poetical drama of which he is the central figure.

wood, pitch, a mourner, and an urn, according to the epitaph of Rufus and Beronica, in Gruter.

the epitaph of Gordianus, Roman Emperor in the third century of the Christian era. The languages were Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Egyptian, Arabic. The inscriptions were defaced by Licinius the Emperor.

190. *others have studiously declined them.* Browne's editor, Wilkin, refers here to a work entitled *Vulgar Errors in Practice Censured*, the author of which blames the "affectation of epitaphs", and states that they "are of Pagan origin, and are not even once mentioned in the whole book of God".

Even Sylla. See *ante*, p. 137, "Cornelius Sylla".

191. *Tabesne*, &c. "Whether corruption or the funeral pyre resolve one's remains is a matter of indifference."